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OCTOBER 22, 1973

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TIME



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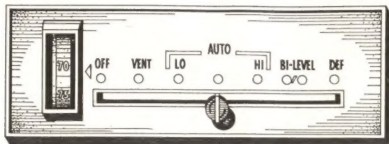
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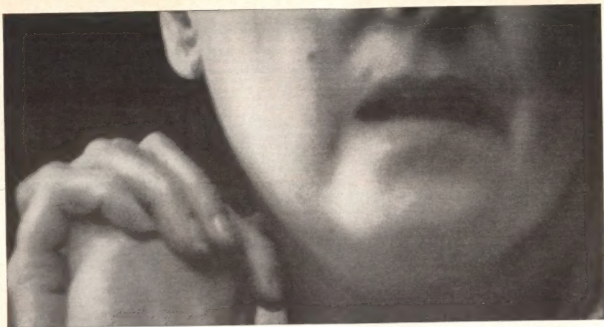
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LETTERS

Nixon's Choice

Sir / Remember when it became public knowledge about Thomas Eagleton's past problems and everyone was down on Senator McGovern for selecting a running mate without knowing the man's past?

Look what we have now with President Nixon's choice!

LYNETTE LAPPIN
Pasadena, Calif.

Sir / Watergate, Agnew—who comes next in the hate parade of the networks and the press?

(MRS.) LILLIAN P. DAVIS
Knoxville, Tenn.

Sir / I cannot understand why Vice President Spiro Agnew thinks he needs to hire a team of lawyers to keep the Baltimore grand jury from proving him innocent, as he has continuously professed his innocence since the investigation into his political activities began.

HAROLD TIRSCHWELL
Forest Hills, N.Y.

Sir / Anybody can find something dishonest about any person's life. Why don't you do research on Sam Ervin's life and find out about the time he accepted candy from his aunt. Who is to distinguish between a bribe and a gift?

Even if the accusations you report turn out to be true, that happened a long time ago and people do change.

SPENCER MCBRIDE
North Manchester, Ind.

Sextuplets and Ethics

Sir / In regard to the Stanek sextuplets (Oct. 1), I see nothing commendable in the fact that medical science now makes it possible for a couple that wants another child to have six instead.

We constantly hear about the population explosion, and yet this seemingly casual experimentation with fertility drugs goes on. And the Staneks already had one natural child. Why not adopt?

MAUREEN COLE
Miamisburg, Ohio

Prisons and Bleeding Hearts

Sir / After reading the review of *Kind and Usual Punishment* (Sept. 24), I am more thoroughly convinced than ever that the startling rise in the crime rate is due, to a great extent, to the misplaced sympathy of bleeding hearts such as Author Jessica Mitford and organizations such as the American Civil Liberties Union.

Mitford uses the fact that only 1½% of our criminals are imprisoned as an argument in favor of abolishing prisons and turning all thugs, rapists and murderers loose on society. The threat of a prison sentence doesn't deter criminals, she says. Why should it, with all the odds stacked in their favor?

If we are getting too soft and too "civilized" to defend ourselves against the criminal element in our society, then we deserve just what we are getting.

WILBUR J. DOWD
Madison, Conn.

Sir / I have been in prison as a draft dodger, felt the utter despair it breeds, and live with the alienation, fear and more violent attitude it left with me. I cannot say wheth-

er Jessica Mitford exaggerates, as I have read nothing by her. Perhaps she is sensitive to the paralyzing, terrible hopelessness a perceptive convict endures and must fight in order to survive with any pride and belief in himself, as he tries to achieve personal rehabilitation. Some help and a few decent people are found, but the prisoner is on his own in a world subtly the inverse of life outside, to which he must ultimately readjust while dealing simultaneously with his own fears of inferiority, society's possible disapproval, unemployment and the lack of friends.

I know I am not alone in believing that a basic change in society's outlook is the sole way prison reform can be achieved.

LYDD DENNIS
Lodi, Calif.

The Cuban Four

Sir / I sincerely wonder if Judge Sirica fully realizes the implications of his decisions regarding the "Forgotten Cubans" (Sept. 24). Their fates, not those of the high-ranking officials implicated in Watergate, will have the most far-reaching effects on the personal lives of Americans. Are we to be programmed and made to perform like Pavlovian dogs and then condemned for what we do at someone else's whim and fancy? If so, we can only choose to balk, question and refuse to obey whenever we perceive the slightest lack of confidence or doubt in the wisdom of those rightfully ordained to be our superiors.

NANCY A. VOGT
Commack, N.Y.

Sir / I was very interested in your piece about the forgotten Cubans. The way it was written makes me think we may have another Sacco-Vanzetti or Dreyfus Case on our hands.

Paul Muni and Burgess Meredith, where are you?

CHRISTOPHER BLAKE
Atlanta

Women's Colleges Are Best

Sir / It was with delight, not distress, that I read "Women: Still Unequal" (Oct. 1). Clark Kerr reports, the Carnegie Commission endorses and Time has published a fact that women's colleges have known for much more than a decade. In single-sex institutions young women enjoy the special advantages they cannot obtain elsewhere, namely leadership positions, full participation in all academic activities and an abundance of role models.

Moreover, the data from the 1972 American Council on Education Freshman Survey suggest that women in single-sex institutions tend to expect more of themselves in terms of leadership, personal achievement, social and political responsibility, and service to society.

HELEN THOMPSON, B.V.M.
Academic Dean
Clarke College
Dubuque, Iowa

Votes for Jackson

Sir / To surrender by compromise on the Jackson amendment (Oct. 1) would be to betray and seal the fate of the many Sakharovs, the countless brave men and women of the U.S.S.R. who have put their necks out for the freedom that we always shout

about and supposedly fight wars for. Shame on you for suggesting compromise.

We have both the right and the duty to our ideals to deny our highly valued most-favored-nation status to any government that denies the basic right of emigration to its people. We are, after all, a nation of emigrants.

JOSEPH D. KRAMER
Skokie, Ill.

Sir / You give too much credence to Brezhnev's belief in "noninterference in internal affairs" of other countries. After all, who raves and rants more than Russia in the U.N. about the internal affairs of Rhodesia and South Africa?

Also, if we cannot take even the mild step of the Jackson amendment, how can we continue to engage in any sanctions against Rhodesia?

ROBERT BOSTWICK
Somerset, N.J.

Scientists to the Helm

Sir / There was nothing arcane about the approaching energy crisis (Oct. 8). The present situation could be predicted (and was) at least a decade ago. Remember how Lyndon Johnson was laughed at for turning off the lights in the White House? Instead of going to the moon, we should have gone to the earth. The energy is there, and it will be produced—but not before we have had to pay a handsome tribute to our Arab energy masters.

How could we avoid similar technological traps in the future? Scientists and engineers must get into powerful positions in the Government of the country: a Department of Science and Technology must be formed promptly.

The rank and file of the technological societies must take more interest in the business of politics, and more technically

MOVING?

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There's a lot of good
between "Winston..."

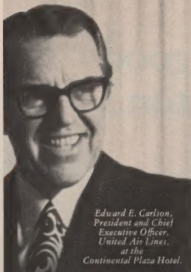
and should."

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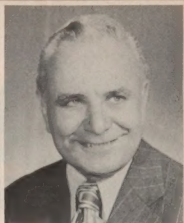
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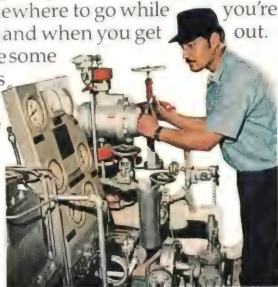
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Shake well with ice. Strain into frosted sour glass. Raise with appropriate toast.

LIQUEUR GALLIANO

A BACARDI

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LETTERS

trained individuals must offer themselves as candidates for public office.

ALAN C. NIXON
President
American Chemical Society
Berkeley, Calif

Allende the Undemocrat

Sir / To put what happened in Chile in a different perspective, just suppose that Nixon seized control of the big companies (from which people like Stewart Mott derive their million-plus, nontaxed incomes so that they can donate \$200,000 plus to the McGovern campaign); parceled out the Kennedy properties in Massachusetts and Florida to the indigent of those states; while turning his back as people less well off than you-sized your lives, your prosperity politicized the military by placing members of that group in his Cabinet; and concluded by tear gassing women protesting meat shortages (while keeping his cupboard and freezer well stocked with fine wines and steaks).

Also, suppose he got into office in the first place with two-thirds of the votes against him?

Undemocratic, you say? You bet! Allende did all those things.

(MRS.) FLORETTA J. WILLETS
Centre Hall, Pa.

Sir / Your article is a curious mixture of facts, hearsay and insinuations. To what purpose? Take this, for instance: "Despite his Marxist beliefs, Allende savored the good life." A paradox for you, obviously. What about this one: "He drank Scotch. What was he supposed to drink? Vodka?" The next one gives you much credit: "In addition to his family home, he reportedly had a hideaway to which he would take cronies—and women! and barbecue steaks for them." Really! Well, at least it won't happen again.

VICTOR FERNÁNDEZ
Stockholm

A Picture of a Mouth

Sir / Bobby Riggs mouths off and gets his picture on the cover of TIME. Billie Jean King shuts him up and gets only a sport story [Oct. 1].

ASHLEY HARRIS BROOME
New Orleans

Sir / Is it too much to hope that Bobby Riggs will now retire into the desert and found a one-man, enclosed, silent order of nuns?

WILLIAM MARTINDALE
Dun Laoghaire, Ireland

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
Oct. 22, 1973 Vol. 70, No. 17

FORMER VICE PRESIDENT SPIRO AGNEW IN HIS LIMOUSINE

THE MOOD

Week of Shocks

Even for a nation surfeited with surprise and sensation, the week's events brought multiple shocks:

► A Vice President who had piously proclaimed the need for stiff morality and stern judges was revealed as a grafter; he abruptly resigned in deserved disgrace, coping a plea to stay out of jail. Within 36 hours the President-nominated House Republican Leader Gerald Ford to replace Spiro T. Agnew. In choosing the amiable House workhorse, Nixon for once did the easy and popular thing.

► A federal appeals court ruled in often biting language that the President must yield up his Watergate tapes, serving clear notice that a serious threat to Richard Nixon's own political survival still looms.

► The full gravity of the war in the Middle East, with its dangerous possibility of enmeshing the superpowers, became all too apparent.

However distant and as yet only indirectly involving the U.S., the war between Israel and its Arab neighbors could hold greater peril for Americans

than *The School for Scandal* drama unreeling in Washington. Public reaction to the fighting was more solemn and subdued—and notably less partisan—than during the quick Israeli triumph of 1967, when even the most disinterested observer had to admire that small country's masterful military effort. This time fear and reluctance about involvement were far stronger. The so-far inconclusive struggle upset and troubled Israel's many American supporters, while Arab sympathizers were jubilant at the dramatic demonstration that Arab forces could fight effectively against their traditional nemesis (see *THE WORLD*).

The war inspired a feeling that the renewed killing would resolve nothing; yet there was little the U.S. could do to seek an end to the hostilities until the course of battle had become clearer. With deep concern, Jewish communities in the U.S. rallied to contribute cash to Israel more abundantly than ever: a national goal of \$150 million seemed certain to be reached. The fear of a big-power confrontation grew as the Soviets made pro-Arab noises and partly resup-

plied the Syrians and Egyptians, although Secretary of State Henry Kissinger coolly insisted that Moscow was still acting with responsible restraint.

Inevitably, the ignominious demise of Agnew, a politician whose career had thrived on the generation of divisive emotion, commanded the most immediate attention. He had defiantly proclaimed his innocence and assailed his Justice Department prosecutors as conspirators out to get him. Then he turned about with astounding suddenness to concede his guilt in one crime and to bargain for leniency. Pleading *nolo contendere* to a charge of income tax evasion in return for his freedom, he also avoided the ordeal of standing trial for a sordid series of more odious acts. As detailed in a rare disclosure of evidence by the Justice Department—evidence he still denies—he was accused of repeatedly soliciting bribes and accepting cash kickbacks for influencing the award of Government contracts, even while serving as Vice President.

Wild Assertions. Among Agnew's few consolations were President Nixon's appeal "for compassion" for the man he had twice personally selected to be his running mate and some grudging praise by editorialists for his placing the national interest above his own by resigning rather than waging a protracted legal battle (see *THE PRESS*).

His fall was personally sad, and graft—obviously and unfortunately—is by no means rare in American politics. But rare indeed was the betrayal of the public trust by one who had so harshly judged others—a betrayal carried, moreover, into the very precincts of the White House, according to the evidence presented against Agnew, with cash deliveries in the Vice President's Executive Office. All this made sympathy for Agnew a little difficult. Holding out for a Government pledge of no prison term was, in addition, hardly a selfless act. If his nation's interest had been Agnew's main concern, he could have resigned immediately, defended himself in court, and refrained from wild assertions of base motives behind his prosecution.

The Justice Department's willingness to allow Agnew to exact this leniency created wide controversy. Certainly, it was no shining example of equality under law. Many of the political radicals whom Agnew had condemned spent months in jail awaiting various conspiracy trials before being acquitted. The sidewalk mugger can spend years in prison for a \$50 robbery. Nonetheless, Attorney General Elliot Richardson and, implicitly, Richard Nixon probably served the larger public interest by getting Agnew out of office the quickest way possible.

In announcing the Agnew deal, Richardson claimed that the whole affair, however distressing, had shown

that the American system of government worked. Despite his lofty position, Agnew had been pursued and prosecuted by his own party's Administration. Indeed, the system had worked, although belatedly. For nearly five years a man morally and intellectually unfit for national leadership had been just one life removed from the Oval Office.

Leaks of progress in criminal investigations remain an ethical problem for both press and bar. Once again, as in the Watergate coverage, news stories denounced as false and malicious turned out to be responsible and true.

The Agnew debacle, as had the 1972 choice of Democratic Senator Thomas Eagleton, again raised questions about the way vice-presidential candidates are selected. Last week Historian Henry Steele Commager contended on television that the real problem is that a Vice President "serves no useful purpose" and thus the post should be abolished. He saw no way to make the job more important and found it unsurprising that the position so often goes to unimportant men—"people who are willing to be nothing on the gamble that they will be everything." He would prefer to work with the Presidential Succession Act, which allows other officials to take over for a deceased or disabled President.

Even if a Vice President's sole function is to be available for succession, he is a most significant official. There seem to be no genuine obstacles to each po-

litical party's setting up a less rushed timetable for the selection of its No. 2 standard-bearer, so as to permit a full study of the candidate's background and qualifications. But what may be most urgently needed is party insistence that its vice-presidential candidate meet more demanding standards. Although Gerald Ford is an experienced politician, he is not notably different from the uncontroversial, ticket-balancing type of candidate normally chosen in conventions. The Congress now has an opportunity, however, to set precedents in its examination of the nominee, perhaps developing rigorous methods and criteria for future party conventions to follow.

Odd Atmosphere. Overall, the week's events did little to enhance Nixon's prestige. Another of his hand-picked appointees had been shown to be fatally flawed. Nixon probably managed to avoid angering significant political segments by his selection of Ford, although the odd atmosphere of celebration rather than solemnity as he made his televised announcement may have offended many viewers. A battle with Congress over confirmation has surely been avoided. Nor is there likely to be any widespread feeling that the removal of Nixon would be much more palatable now that Agnew is gone, since Ford does not immediately conjure up an alternative of massive presidential stature.

Yet the speed with which Agnew fell and the apparent ease with which he

will be replaced make the removal of a high official seem less traumatic. This view was expressed by both the political left and right. Contended William Rusher, publisher of the conservative *National Review*: "We've demonstrated that we can replace a Vice President, so I expect we could replace a President." Argued Bill Moyers, a presidential press secretary under Lyndon Johnson: "The American people in the last ten years have become accustomed to the disposability of their officials." Although lessening, the general fear of impeachment and its global impact remains a protective force for the President.

But as the Agnew affair recedes, the court actions surrounding Watergate will bring that scandal back to center stage. Last week the grand jury directed by Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox returned its first indictment; there undoubtedly will be many more, with trials or guilty pleas to follow. The tapes decision of the appeals court—certainly a definitive one—will speedily move Nixon's case to the Supreme Court, carrying with it weighty judicial arguments against the President's position.

Before long, the Ervin committee will write its final report, with unknown consequences for the President. Agnew's departure, however spectacular, does not close the curtain on the Nixon Administration's painful drama, or that of the nation's, whose trust in its Government has been assaulted once again.

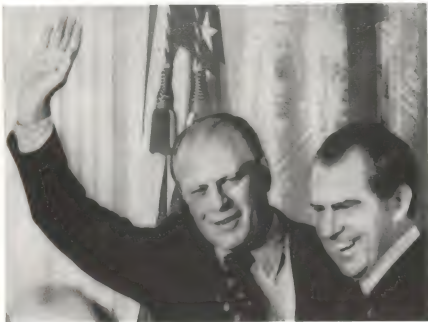
DAVID RUBIN



SYRIAN COMMANDOS KILLED BY ISRAELI PARATROOPERS AFTER BATTLE IN THE GOLAN HEIGHTS

For Americans, too, the peril abroad was great, but Washington's scandals commanded immediate attention.

A Good Lineman for the Quarterback



NIXON PRESENTS NOMINEE GERALD FORD IN THE EAST ROOM



A bountiful bundle of Republican politicians were staying close to the phone early that evening. Richard Nixon was due to announce his choice for Vice President to replace Spiro Agnew and, artfully building the suspense, had let it be known that 1) he was not going to notify his man until shortly before TV time and 2) the selection "might be a name that does not leap readily to mind." That meant that almost any Republican leader worth his ambition could be struck by the lightning; it was, all things considered, not a bad night to be at home.

One of those at home was House Minority Leader Gerald Rudolph Ford, 60, keeping his cool in his suburban Virginia home with a 20-minute swim. He had just climbed out of the pool, the dinner steaks were on the burner, when the telephone rang. It was the President. Puckishly, almost as though he were a secretary, he said: "Jerry, Al Haig has a message for you." The White House chief of staff came on the line and said: "I've got good news for you. The President wants you to be Vice President." Haig suggested that Ford might want to get his wife Betty on the line to hear the good news. Ford did, but in one of those small diversions that can deflect the noblest moments, she turned out to be talking on the Fords' other phone to one of their sons at school, using the only house line with an extension outlet. So Haig hung up, Ford got Betty to hang up, and Haig called back on Betty's line and repeated the glad tidings. There was never any discussion about

whether Ford would accept—all hands properly took that as given.

The choice of Ford ended three days of frenetic speculation that all but paralyzed Washington with rumor and anticipation. It also culminated a notable Nixon effort to give Republicans at least the illusion of participation in the first replacement of a Vice President in the nation's history. No sooner had Agnew delivered his letters of resignation (see *following story*) than the President launched a nationwide canvass of party sentiment for a successor. One of the first persons he called into the Oval Office was Counsellor Anne Armstrong. "He asked me to get on the phone and sound out opinion all around the country," she said. And he added: "It may not come to mind, but you tell them I want the names of qualified women as well as men." Counsellors Bryce Harlow and Mel Laird were summoned and given the same instructions, and soon messages to Republican Governors, national committeemen and women and other key party pros were winging from the White House.

Ford and Senate Minority Leader Hugh Scott were asked by Nixon personally to gather ballots from all the Republicans in Congress; and ballots were exactly what he wanted: a list of each Republican's top three choices for the new No. 2, in order of preference. All were to be in to him by 6 p.m. on Thursday, Oct. 11, and he promised that no one would see them except himself and his trusted personal secretary, Rose Mary Woods, who would sort and tabulate them. Nixon also provided a little guidance, giving his criteria for the man or woman he wanted: 1) a strong individual capable of leading the country; 2) someone who generally shares his views, particularly on foreign policy and national security; and 3) a nominee who could be confirmed expeditiously by the Congress without a rancorous fight.

Window Dressing. Some Republicans felt that the mass solicitation of views was only window dressing. They recalled that he went through a similar exercise at the 1968 Republican National Convention when he had already decided on Agnew as his running mate. Nonetheless, by the deadline hundreds of suggestions had poured into the White House to be tabulated by Miss Woods. Nixon flew with the assembled list aboard Marine One, his personal helicopter, to the mountaintop solitude of Camp David. There he dined alone in Aspen Lodge and, by the time he went to bed at 11:30 p.m., had winnowed the list to five names: Ford, John Connally, Ronald Reagan, Nelson Rockefeller and Elliot Richardson, even though Richardson had taken himself out of the running. He had quite properly argued

the impropriety of the man most directly responsible for prosecuting Agnew benefiting from his downfall by succeeding him.

Shortly after Nixon awoke at 6:30 a.m. Friday morning, he made his final decision: the next Vice President was to be his old friend and stalwart supporter Jerry Ford.

Upon returning to the Oval Office in Washington at 8:30, he told only Haig and Press Secretary Ron Ziegler of his decision and outlined his plan of action. Loving surprises the way most politicians love parades, he would unveil his nominee with the same kind of full dress performance in the East Room that he had played effectively when he sprung the nomination of Warren Burger as his Chief Justice.

In retrospect, Ford admits that if he had been a "little smarter," he would have realized that Nixon had dropped him teasing hints. At a meeting of congressional leaders to discuss procedures to be followed in making his nomination, Nixon joshed: "I'd like to be in the shape with the American public that Jerry Ford is." At another, this time private, meeting with the President on V.P. Day, Nixon called in the White House photographer and ordered: "Take this picture. It may be historic." Still, Ford claims he had no inkling that he was the choice until the phone rang.

When the time came to announce his nominee, Nixon was through being coy. In fact, the ceremony in the East Room of the White House had all the atmosphere of a mini-political convention. There was the man-who speech by Nixon, arms uplifted in triumph and a roar of approval from the audience—members of Congress, presidential aides and representatives from the diplomatic corps (the Supreme Court Justices decided that their presence would be improper and declined to attend). It was an oddly exuberant happening, considering its origin in Agnew's tragedy, and some Republicans considered the performance vulgar. Said Oregon Governor Tom McCall: "It looked like a hoedown, a shivaree." In the Blue Room after the announcement, while guests bear-hugged Jerry and kissed Betty Ford, Nixon chatted enthusiastically with those in the receiving line.

No Beginning. Nixon's choice was safe and unimaginative, if not quite justifying the rhetoric of a "new beginning" for the nation he called for in announcing it. Ford would not readily leap to mind as the Republican most capable of leading the nation were Nixon not to finish his term, but he admirably meets Nixon's second and third tests of fidelity of views and acceptability by Congress. In his own straitened circumstances, Nixon doubtless felt that Ford was all he could afford.

He clearly would have preferred former Treasury Secretary John Connally. In fact, the Texan had expected to get the nomination. But Democrats in the House and Senate mounted a vociferous

lobbying campaign against Connally, saying they would not vote for the man—whom they described as a fat cat, wheeler-dealer and turncoat—under any circumstances. Even some Republicans sent word to Nixon that they would not vote to approve Connally. Declared Massachusetts Representative Silvio Conte: "I will accept anyone the President sends up except Connally." Conte went so far as to work the cloakrooms against Connally, reminding Northern Congressmen of the oil shortage that their constituents are about to experience. "How can you in the Northeast vote for him?—and a turncoat!" he exclaimed. To avoid a fight he might not win, Nixon scratched Connally's name off the list.

Richardson was off too, and that left, besides Ford, only Governors Ronald Reagan of California and Nelson Rockefeller of New York. In opposite wings of the party, both Reagan and Rockefeller might have won confirmation with little difficulty, but Nixon rightly judged that choosing either would give him a head start toward the 1976 nomination that both crave and thus under an already Watergate-weakened minority party. That problem does not exist with Ford. After his selection, the minority leader declared: "I have no intention of being a candidate for President or Vice President in 1976." He may change his mind, but his current plan is to retire from public life when his term expires.

Ford's colleagues in Congress were jubilant over his selection. He had, in fact, been the man most often recommended for the job to the President by Congressmen, including House Speaker Carl Albert. Illinois Republican Senator Charles Percy called the nominee "an exceptional man"; South Carolina Republican Senator Strom Thurmond said he was "extremely pleased." Democratic Senator Walter Mondale of Minnesota declared: "The President is to be congratulated." Thus, Ford is expected to be confirmed with little delay, though not before examination by House and Senate committees. Ford says he wants a full investigation—by the FBI, Internal Revenue Service and Government Accounting Office as well as by Senators and Congressmen. He is even willing to turn over his income tax returns to investigators. But he is extremely popular with both Republicans and Democrats and respected for his personal probity, and it seems doubtful that the examining committees will detain him very long.

So swiftly did Nixon choose Ford that Congress had not yet decided how

to handle the nomination. It took two days of wrangling to work out the procedure, which will start with hearings by the House Judiciary Committee within two weeks.

Until confirmed, Ford will continue his duties as minority leader. Afterward, he expects his assignment as Vice President to be to shepherd Administration bills through Congress. He explains: "Working with Democrats and Republicans, I want to try to build a bridge of friendship, a bridge of understanding, a bridge of faith. I think I have an excellent rapport with my colleagues."

Ford has been good at rapport all his life. He was born in Omaha and christened Leslie King. Two years later his parents were divorced, and his mother took him back to her home town, Grand Rapids, Mich. There she married Paint Manufacturer Gerald Rudolph Ford, who adopted her son and renamed him. For pocket money in high



FORD AS STAR CENTER FOR MICHIGAN (1934)
"We'll huddle on that."

school, the young Ford waited on tables in a Greek restaurant. A strapping 6 ft. 197 lbs. when he entered college, he played center on the University of Michigan's undefeated national-championship football teams of 1932 and 1933. Along the way he worked as a summer forest ranger. His job: to hold a gun on the bears while tourists fed them.

After turning down offers from the Detroit Lions and the Green Bay Packers, he worked his way through Yale Law School as an assistant varsity-football coach and freshman boxing coach. Among his football players were Senators Robert Taft Jr. of Ohio and William Proxmire of Wisconsin. With a friend, Ford set up a law practice in Grand Rapids in 1941, helped elect a reform slate of Republican candidates for local office, and then entered the Navy. When the war ended, Ford returned home to his law practice.

In 1948, at the urging of the late Sen-

THE NATION

ator Arthur H. Vandenberg, Ford ran for Congress. He upset the incumbent, Isolationist Bartel J. Jonkman, by 2 to 1 in the primary and rolled to an easy victory in the election. He received 60.5% of the vote—to be his lowest tally in 13 elections to the House. He soon established himself among his colleagues as a hard-working, team-playing conservative, particularly for his work on the House Appropriations Committee where he specialized in the military budget and foreign aid. Then, in 1959, he helped engineer the removal of Massachusetts' venerable Joe Martin Jr. as G.O.P. leader. Six years later he overthrew and replaced Martin's successor, Indiana's Charles Halleck, promising to be more of an activist as minority leader.

To that end, Ford organized a series of task forces and committees to offer Republican alternatives to Lyndon Johnson's Great Society programs. Among the Ford-inspired proposals were local revenue sharing, Social Security increases and modifications of the War on Poverty. As part of the *Ev Dirksen-Jerry Ford* show, which weekly explained to reporters the latest G.O.P. positions, he won Johnson's enmity—and occasionally was the target of cruel presidential gibes. Referring to Ford, Johnson once tapped his head in mock sorrow and said: "Too bad, too bad—that's what happens when you play football without a helmet."

In Congress, Ford is respected by both Republicans and Democrats as a clever infighter but also as one who prefers reaching a consensus to twisting arms. He explains: "You have to give a little, take a little, to get what you really want, but you don't give up your principles." When driven to the wall in scraps over legislation, he can flare in anger but he harbors no grudges or resentments. Unlike many Congressmen, he has poured out help to his colleagues. By his own count, he has made more than 200 speeches a year, most for the benefit of fellow Congressmen—a reason he has special popularity among them. His speeches are forceful but not eloquent.

Most Loyal. Ford and Nixon first met as junior Congressmen when both were members of the Chowder and Marching Club, a band of like-minded young Congressmen. They have been close friends ever since. Like Nixon but with better credentials, Ford frequently uses football jargon ("He's a team player"; "We'll huddle on that"). He turned up at the 1960 Republican Convention wearing a "Ford for Vice President" button, was mentioned as a possible run-

ning mate for Goldwater in 1964, and was again available in 1968 when he served as chairman of the Republican National Convention.

After the election, Ford became Nixon's most loyal supporter in Congress, even on the most controversial issues, such as the nominations of Clement Haynsworth and G. Harrold Carswell to the Supreme Court. "The President and I always have had a high identity philosophically," Ford told *TIME* Correspondent Neil MacNeil the night of his selection. He favored the SST, opposed busing to integrate schools, refused to cut defense spending and was generally hawkish on the Viet Nam War. In 1970 he led the losing crusade

for Republican headquarters in Washington, which funneled the same amount back to two Ford reelection committees. But he defended his handling of his financial reports as "within the law," insisting that he did not know where the two committees received their money.

Still in Shape. Ford also was accused by former Washington Lobbyist Robert N. Winter-Berger, in his book *The Washington Payoff*, of being involved in some small stock deals having to do with his membership on the board of the Old Kent Bank and Trust Co. of Grand Rapids. Winter-Berger also claims that Ford did unspecified favors for an unnamed client in return for \$50,000 donated to Republican candi-

dates—but not Ford—in 1970. The minority leader has denied both accusations, and almost no one takes them seriously.

Square-jawed and still in shape, Ford jogs, skis and daily swims laps in the heated pool behind his modest brick and clapboard house in Alexandria, Va. Betty Ford once danced with the Martha Graham troupe and worked as a Powers model in New York City before her marriage. She shuns politicking, concentrating instead on their three sons and one daughter, and once proudly described the family as "squares." Ford's closest friends tend to be other Republican leaders, among them Nixon's domestic adviser, Mel Laird.

After the festivities at the White House, Ford and his wife returned home in the limousine he is entitled to as minority leader. Outside their house, neighbors waiting on the sidewalks and lawn burst into applause under the bright lights of the TV camera crews. A Secret Service detail had already established a command post on the front lawn, inspected the property, and pronounced it satisfactory for security. Typically, Mrs. Ford offered to let the agents use a vacant bedroom. They declined, one adding: "Just go on as if we weren't here."

That was impossible: Ford was not yet accustomed to his new status. Congratulatory telephone calls poured in, including one from former Vice President Agnew, who offered his "affection and best wishes." One telephone was tied up—Ford's wildly excited teen-age daughter, Susan, who had bet her mother \$5 that her father was Nixon's choice, was glued to it, telling friends about what had happened. "Tell her to get off the phone," Ford said to an aide. Then he thought for a moment and laughed. "Tell her the Vice President told her to get off. That's the only way to impress a 16-year-old."

THE QUESTION OF THE WEEK MR. PRESIDENT:

WHEN WILL THE TRUST
AND CONFIDENCE OF THE
PEOPLE BE RESTORED?



THE EV & JERRY SHOW (1966)
Winning L.B.J.'s enmity.

to expel Justice William O. Douglas from the Supreme Court through impeachment. Ford spent ten days in Communist China last year but returned more convinced than ever that the U.S. must keep up a strong military establishment. In this year's session, Ford has supported Nixon's positions on Watergate and concentrated on holding together a coalition of Republicans and Democrats to protect the President's vetoes of Democrats' bills. In doing so, he has stayed out of the limelight. He explains: "I'm an old lineman. I've tried to be a good blocker and tackler for the running back who carries the ball."

The brush of possible scandal has touched him only lightly and not very convincingly. After the 1970 campaign, Ford was accused of failing to report at least \$11,500 in contributions made in 1969 by stockbrokers, bankers, conservative physicians and the Boilermakers and Blacksmiths Union of Kansas City, Kan. The checks were sent to Repub-

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Kings: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine
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av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. 72.

The Fall of Spiro Agnew

After the long weeks of buildup, of insisting upon his innocence, of accusing Government officials of plotting his downfall, of vowing that he would fight to the end, the denouement of the Spiro Agnew debacle came with stunning swiftness. His hands trembling slightly and his Palm Springs tan bleached white with tension, Agnew walked into a Baltimore courtroom last week and admitted that he had falsified his income tax in 1967. When he emerged half an hour later, Agnew had been transformed from Vice President of the United States into a convicted felon.

Why had Spiro Agnew so dramatically and abruptly decided to quit? "Because everything he tried flopped," one high-ranking Justice official declares flatly. Indeed, Agnew had tried a lot of things that had fizzled or seemed about to. He had asked the House of Representatives to investigate the charges against him, only to have Speaker Carl Albert send him back to the courts for justice. He had tried to kill the grand jury investigation into his misdeeds by arguing that a sitting Vice President could not be indicted for a crime, and also by claiming that Justice Department leaks had prejudiced the jurors, and it did not appear that he was going to get very far on either front.

He had taken his case to the country, hoping to arouse popular support with a televised speech that claimed he was being framed by the Justice Department and, by implication, Nixon himself. The Republican women in his Los Angeles audience cheered him to the rafters, but no nationwide ground swell of public opinion developed to lift him high. "Everything was downhill after L.A.," says Marsh Thomson, Agnew's press aide. "The point was driven home to him that he was 'dead.' The limb had been sawed off."

Fist Banging. Desperately, Agnew went back to the tactic that he had first tried and then abandoned: working out a deal with the Justice Department under which he would be accused of a relatively minor charge if he agreed to resign. Known as "plea bargaining"—or, less elegantly, "copping a plea"—the practice is commonly used in all courts. The prosecution settles for a sure conviction rather than going to the trouble or expense of proving a more ambitious—and time-consuming—case in court.

In early September, trying to find a way out of the mess, White House Counsel Fred Buzhardt, almost surely acting at Nixon's behest, had secretly initiated plea-bargaining sessions between Agnew's lawyers and Attorney General Elliot Richardson and his top aides. From the outset, the overriding goal of Agnew's lawyers had been to keep their client from going to jail. Held in the huge, red-carpeted room just outside Richardson's office, the bargaining sessions were long and heated, the men often shout-

ing at each other as they maneuvered for a settlement. Even Richardson, a very proper Bostonian who normally keeps himself under control, raised his voice several times and twice banged his fist down on the table.

But while the men were still arguing, the press learned about the bargaining. The resulting stories infuriated Agnew. "That's enough," he said. "There'll be no more negotiation."

Well Rid. And there was none until at last the Vice President found himself alone, unsupported by his President and with his options running out. It looked as though it would come down to a courtroom fight, and the evidence had piled up against him. "I have never seen a stronger extortion case," says U.S. Attorney James R. Thompson of Chicago, who was brought into the affair at the last minute to augment Justice's firepower. "If it had gone to trial, a conviction would have resulted. The man is a crook. The country is well rid of him."

On Friday, Oct. 5, Agnew gave the word to reopen the negotiations to Judah Best, his Washington lawyer. Best immediately got in touch again with Fred Buzhardt, who was in Key Biscayne. Both men are fond of direct action and short, pungent phrases, and they understood each other completely. Buzhardt was definitely interested in talking. That night Best grabbed a plane to Florida and the two men met in a Miami motel in the predawn hours. Their approach was simple: let's get off dead center—the country requires that something be done. After their talk, Buzhardt called the Justice Department—again clearly with the approval of President Nixon—and the second round of plea bargaining began on Monday evening in a motel in Alexandria, Va., just across the Potomac River from Washington.

Best directed the Agnew team. The Justice lawyers were led by Henry Petersen, head of the criminal division and the man whom Vice President Agnew had accused in his Los Angeles speech of being out to get him as a personal trophy. Again the discussions exploded into arguments. As a condition of any deal, Petersen insisted that all of the evidence against Agnew be made public; Richardson was convinced that this was necessary so that there could be no charges from Agnew and his followers that he had been railroaded. Petersen also joined Maryland U.S. Attorney George Beall and his prosecutors in insisting on jail for Agnew. Best dug in his heels on both demands. The group was joined by the presiding judge in the case, Walter E. Hoffman. Unlike his subordinates, Attorney General Richardson had been willing all along to let Agnew escape jail, but he wanted to make no such recommendation to the judge, leaving it up to Hoffman to let the accused off with probation. A veteran of 19 years on the



THE AGNEWS DURING WORLD WAR II (1942)



GOING TO INAUGURAL AS GOVERNOR (1967)



POSING WITH T-SHIRT PROMOTER (1970)



THE NATION

bench, Hoffman insisted that he would not do so unless Richardson himself recommended leniency. Deadlocked, the conferees broke up.

With that, Richardson faced the task of trying to persuade Petersen, Beall and his staff that in the best interests of the country, Agnew should be allowed to go free if the right formula could be worked out. TIME has learned that, in order to placate his aides, Richardson took the unusual step of allowing anyone who could not live with that decision to make a public statement of his objections. He gave his word that any dissenter would not damage his career at Justice by speaking out.

That point settled, Richardson himself joined the bargaining session the next day at the Justice Department. With the Attorney General listening closely, Judge Hoffman reiterated that he wanted a recommendation from Richardson before granting probation to Agnew. Finally, Richardson agreed.

Longest Day. By now, the other parts of the final agreement were falling into place. Richardson gave way on his earlier insistence that the Vice President admit that he received illegal payoffs. That major concession showed how eager not only Richardson but also the President was to get a settlement, for the White House had been kept informed of the negotiations at every step. Agnew's lawyers also backed off, agreeing to publication of the full weight of the evidence that the prosecution had assembled (see box following page).

The next day, Spiro's longest day, included a luncheon meeting of New York builders. Even on the brink of ruin, Agnew could not resist opening with the bitter jest that he had considered holding a "provocative discussion on the relationship of architects and engineers to the political fund-raising process." Later in the afternoon Spiro Agnew met as Vice President with President Nixon for the last time. For 40 minutes, the two men were alone in the Oval Office, sitting in chairs beside the fireplace beneath a painting of George Washington. When they were done talking about the bargain that had been struck, Agnew slipped away, and Nixon, looking more chipper and relaxed than he had in some time, was host to a state dinner for President Félix Houphouët-Boigny of the Ivory Coast.

The final act in the drama took place the next day in Baltimore's gray stone U.S. Court House. The session ostensibly was to hear arguments in Agnew's efforts to subpoena both news representatives and Justice Department officials about leaks in his case. But there had been a change in the agenda, signaled by the presence of a task force of U.S. marshals in and around the building.

Promptly at 2 p.m. the lawyers for Agnew filed in, then Richardson and the Justice contingent. The men shook hands and exchanged pleasantries with one notable exception. Assistant U.S. Attorney Barnett D. Skolnik, who had ar-

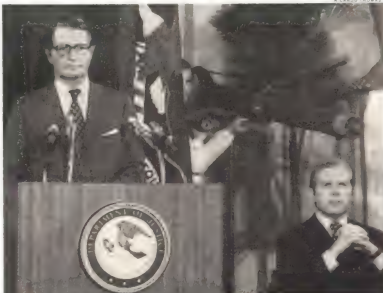
gued vehemently that Agnew should be jailed, stalked past the Agnew men without a word.

Moments later Agnew entered the room, and while all eyes were upon him—he looked older somehow, his hair seemed whiter—Judah Best slipped away to make a phone call to an associate in Washington. Two minutes later, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, who had been alerted to be in his office, was delivered a letter signed by Agnew: "I hereby resign the office of Vice President of the United States, effective immediately." (The duty of receiving the resignation of a President or Vice President is an archaic function of Kissinger's office, spelled out by the Presidential Succession Act of 1792.)

In the Baltimore courtroom, meanwhile, Judge Hoffman, Spiro Agnew,

future charges that he had been framed by the prosecutors' bargaining to encourage testimony against him. Richardson next entered into evidence the 40-page report of the Government's case against the former Vice President, noting that it showed a pattern of cash payments to Agnew in exchange for engineering contracts with the state of Maryland.

To try to convict Agnew on the basis of the collected evidence, said Richardson, would have taken years, "with potentially disastrous consequences to the vital interests of the United States." Considering this, he argued, it had been wiser to accept a compromise that allowed Agnew to plead no contest to a single charge. Then Richardson frankly admitted that no bargain would have been reached if he had not agreed to



ATTORNEY GENERAL RICHARDSON & U.S. ATTORNEY BEALL AT PRESS CONFERENCE
After heated arguments and hard bargaining, a plea for leniency.

now a simple citizen whose appearance before the bar of justice carried no grave constitutional portents or precedents, and the Attorney General were enacting the script that they had so carefully crafted. The Government said that Agnew had "willfully and knowingly" evaded \$9,551.47 in federal taxes on \$29,500 in undeclared income. Agnew did not contest the charge, pleading *nolo contendere*, which Judge Hoffman took pains to point out was equivalent to a guilty plea.

Then Hoffman asked Richardson for his recommendations on the sentence. "The agreement between the parties now before the court," Richardson began, "is one which must be perceived to be just and honorable, not simply to the parties but to the American people." Richardson said that none of the Government's major witnesses against Agnew had been promised immunity from prosecution, an important point in answering Agnew's once and perhaps

enter a plea of leniency for Agnew. But he insisted that leniency was justified—that the Vice President's resignation and acceptance of a conviction for a felony were punishment enough. Richardson urged that Agnew not be sent to jail "out of compassion for the man, out of respect for the office he has held and out of appreciation for the fact that by his resignation he has spared the nation the prolonged agony that would have attended upon his trial."

No Jail. Then it was Agnew's turn to read his lines, lines that showed what a hard bargain his lawyers had driven. He admitted that he had received payments in 1967 from contractors that were not used for political purposes. He acknowledged that these contractors had received state contracts. But he denied giving any of them preferential treatment. He also denied all other charges in the 40-page document and he insisted that "at no time have I enriched myself at the expense of the pub-

The Case Against Agnew

In agreeing to a negotiated plea, the Government would commonly file away forever the sheaf of evidence amassed against a defendant for possible trial purposes. Attorney General Elliot Richardson insisted that a full summary of the Government's case against the Vice President be attached to the court record and thus made public. Agnew reluctantly agreed, later pointing out that he did not admit to any of the allegations contained in the document. Nevertheless, the extraordinary, 40-page "exposition" prepared by U.S. Attorney George Beall and his staff constitutes a tightly woven, damning case against Agnew. Its high points:

The Government stated that its primary evidence against the Vice President came from four witnesses. Two were political associates of Agnew's: Jerome B. Wolff, 55, chairman of the Maryland road commission during Agnew's tenure as Governor (1967-69), and J.H. ("Bud") Hammerman II, 49, described as "a highly successful real estate developer and mortgage banker," who also served as a prominent Agnew fund raiser. They testified that they cooperated with Agnew in a systematic scheme to shake down engineers and road-building contractors in return for favored treatment in contract awards. The other two witnesses were Contractors Allen Green, 51, and Lester Matz, 40, who admitted that they personally delivered such illegal payments to Agnew and his intermediaries.

The Maryland political scene was described as a sordid hot-house of corruption in which the payoff system had been well established long before Agnew's emergence as a promising officeholder. At the time of his election as Baltimore county executive (1962), "it was well known in the business community that engineers generally, and the smaller engineering firms in particular, had to pay in order to obtain contracts from the county." State contractors shaken down during Agnew's term as Governor "were not surprised that payments would be necessary because it was generally understood that engineers had been making such payments for consulting work in a number of Maryland jurisdictions." In effect, the Government readily concedes that Agnew was caught up in a jungle not of his own making.

Early in his term as county executive, the Government claims, Agnew befriended the wealthy Hammerman and "often" discussed his financial situation. "Mr. Agnew complained about it, and told Hammerman that he had not accumulated any wealth before he assumed public office, had no inheritance, and as a public official received what he considered a small salary," the summary continues. "Mr. Agnew believed, moreover, that his public position required him to adopt a standard of living beyond his means and that his political ambitions required him to build a financially strong political organization."

After Agnew was elected Governor, he told Hammerman that a "system" of "cash contributions" from favored contractors was a long-established practice in the statehouse. On Agnew's instructions, Hammerman arranged to find out from the newly appointed Wolff which firms had been awarded road-building contracts and to make certain that they paid their "contributions" to Hammerman. Wolff suggested that the three split such money evenly. "Governor Agnew at first replied that he did not see why Wolff should receive any share of the money, but he agreed to the division as long as he received 50% of the total payments," the summary recounts.

Though most firms "knew what was expected of them," Hammerman often called up successful bidders to "congratulate" them as a reminder. Potential contributors who made no move to ante up sometimes received less congratulatory messages. "Hammerman specifically recalls discussing with Mr. Agnew whether or not [a] particular financial institution would be awarded the lucrative state bond business, and that during that discussion Mr. Agnew commented that the principals at the institution in question were 'a cheap bunch' who 'don't give you any money,'" claims the Government. "Mr. Agnew informed Hammerman that he did not intend to award that institution the bond business in question unless a substantial 'contribution' were

made." Eventually, say the prosecutors, it was and Agnew did. Hammerman tried to collect between 3% and 5% of a contract's total value but is described as having been willing to accept "any reasonable sum." He "generally held Mr. Agnew's 50% share in a safe-deposit box until Mr. Agnew called for it." The Governor would do so by telephoning Hammerman to ask how many "papers" his friend was holding. Says the summary: "It was understood between Mr. Agnew and Hammerman that the term 'paper' referred to \$1,000 in cash."

Some contractors preferred to deal directly with Agnew. Shortly after Agnew's inauguration as Governor, Green was treated to another of Agnew's recitations about the financial burdens of public office. "Green told him that his company had experienced successful growth and would probably continue to benefit from public work under the Agnew administration," recount the prosecutors. "He, therefore, offered to make periodic cash payments to Governor Agnew, who replied that he would appreciate such assistance very much." Thereafter Green visited Agnew "approximately six times a year," to hand over between \$2,000 and \$3,000 to Agnew and, not so incidentally, to seek state business for his firm.

The prosecutors say that Agnew sought to hold on to his kick-back income even after becoming Vice President (when his salary had risen to \$62,500 annually plus \$10,000 for expenses). Shortly before his inauguration, Agnew met with Green. "He then reiterated that he had been unable to improve his financial situation during his two years as Governor and that although his salary as Vice President would be higher than his salary as Governor, he expected that the social and other demands of the office would substantially increase his personal expenses," says the document. "For these reasons, he said he hoped that Green would be able to continue the financial assistance that he had been providing to him over the preceding two years."

Agnew assured the contractor that "he hoped he could be helpful to Green with respect to federal work." Some time later, Green dutifully showed up at Agnew's vice-presidential suite in the Executive Office Building with a cash payment, a practice that was to continue three or four times annually until last December. Awed and nervous, Green took some oddly prescient precautions. He referred inaccurately to the payments as "political contributions," meanwhile glancing silently at the ceiling to signal to Agnew that the room might be bugged.

Matz, who had also paid money to Agnew as Governor, was no less intimidated by the new surroundings. He visited Agnew in his office in 1969 to leave \$10,000 cash in an envelope as payment of money "owed" by his firm for past state contracts. "Mr. Agnew placed this envelope in his desk drawer," the summary disclosed. "They agreed that Matz was to call Mr. Agnew's secretary when he was ready to make the next payment and to tell her that he had more 'information' for Mr. Agnew. This was to be a signal to Mr. Agnew that Matz had more money for him." After leaving, Matz told a partner "that he was shaken by his own actions because he had just made a payoff to the Vice President of the United States." The prosecutors said that Matz paid off Agnew again for help in landing a contract with the General Services Administration for an associate of Matz's.

The Government says that the three-way payoff scheme involving Agnew netted illegal funds from "seven different engineering firms in return for state engineering contracts" and from "one financial institution" for the bond deal. No estimate of the total sums is given, but the income on which Agnew admitted failing to pay taxes in 1967 alone amounted to \$29,500. In addition, Green testified that between 1966 and 1972 he gave Agnew approximately \$50,000—more than half while the payee was Vice President. Matz has put his "contributions" at some \$37,500. Thus the Government believes that Agnew accepted at least \$100,000 in bribes, and perhaps much more. The summary closes with an anecdote about one of the few humorous moments in an otherwise grim and tawdry accounting. Matz, it seems, was hounded by Republican fund raisers in 1972 for a legitimate contribution to the Nixon-Agnew re-election campaign. Say the prosecutors: "Matz complained about these solicitations to Mr. Agnew, who told Matz to say that he gave at the office."



AGNEW LEAVING COURT HOUSE
From Veep to felon.

lic trust" whether serving as county executive, Governor or Vice President.

Summing up, Judge Hoffman acknowledged that he had approved the entire deal. It did not, he said, satisfy everyone. He did not like the fact that Agnew's guilt or innocence on the mass of charges would remain unresolved: "It would have been my preference to omit these statements and end the verbal warfare as to this tragic event in history." He said that when the accused standing before him is a lawyer, a tax accountant or business executive, he normally puts him in jail, and that is where he would have been inclined to send Agnew, were it not for the request of Richardson and the great compelling "national interests" in the case.

With that, Hoffman intoned: "It is the judgment of this court that imposition of any sentence be suspended for a period of three years, conditioned that you, Spiro T. Agnew, at all times will be of uniform good behavior, that you will not violate the laws of the United States or of any state; that, as a further condition of this probation, you are to pay a fine in the sum of \$10,000 within 30 days."

Agnew's ordeal in court ended ironically with a scene of comic confusion. As Judge Hoffman left the bench, the bailiff naturally ordered everyone to stand. The sudden movement and noise startled the Secret Service agent who was escorting Agnew out. "Everybody sit down!" he shouted. Some sat down for the former Vice President, but most remained standing for the judge.

Agnew promptly received a letter of condolence from President Nixon praising his services and saying, "I have been deeply saddened by this whole course of events." But within an hour of Agnew's resignation, the White House was

dissociating itself from the ex-Vice President. When someone asked an assistant to Press Secretary Ron Ziegler to run off some copies of Agnew's statement to the court, he was turned down. "It's not our statement," the aide said pointedly.

In these strained circumstances, there remained the details of closing down a career. Agnew will retain his Secret Service protection for a time. The Senate voted to keep his Capitol Hill staff on the payroll for another month. Some aides had been with him since the days in Baltimore, and there were tears in the room when they heard the news. Like any man who had just been fired, Agnew cleared out his desk and wrote some thank you notes. And he began working on a speech about the whole affair that he will deliver to the nation early this week, in which he may continue to argue that the evidence against him was the work of lesser men in Maryland trying to save their own skins.

The sudden settlement eliminated the danger of a constitutional crisis if, as expected, Agnew's claim that a sitting Vice President could not be prosecuted had gone to the Supreme Court. The agreement also prevented a decision on a basic issue involving the freedom of the press—the right of newsmen to preserve the secrecy of their sources (see THE PRESS).

At a press conference the day after the settlement, Richardson indicated that President Nixon had known more about the affair than he had let on. In his public statements, the President had said that he could vouch for Agnew's conduct after becoming Vice President. But Richardson said that Nixon early on had been told about the developing evidence that Agnew had received money while Vice President.

Fine irony. Richardson also explained that Agnew could not be prosecuted by the Federal Government for any of the charges listed in the 40 pages of evidence, but said he could be tried by Maryland's courts—although the Attorney General made it clear that he hoped that this would not happen. And Richardson pointed out that Agnew could be brought to trial in a civil suit by the Internal Revenue Service for back taxes, including not only those dodged in 1967 but for any evaded in other years up through 1972. In addition to having to pay the taxes themselves, Agnew could be charged 6% annual interest and fined up to 50% of the total owed.

Thus, with fine irony, Spiro Agnew's immediate and future need is likely to be cash. With his conviction for a felony, he is likely to be disbarred. Nor can he count on the "defense fund" he was raising to carry on the fight. The donors have been invited to ask for refunds.

For Agnew, the need for money is a familiar one. He was always an "ethnic" kid from Baltimore on the way up, but painfully slowly. His setbacks, his

false starts must have gnawed at him—withdrawing from Johns Hopkins University with poor grades. In World War II, he proved steady under fire, but he was always passed over for promotion. Back in Maryland after the war, he got a degree from the nonaccredited law school at the University of Baltimore, practiced law intermittently and with little success, tried his hand as an insurance adjuster, even feigned up at one point as an assistant manager of a supermarket. Nothing seemed to click until, at the age of 38, he was appointed a member of the Baltimore County board of zoning appeals, a body with great power over the builders in the area.

Suddenly politics became a way to security. Agnew was operating in a state where, as he himself pointed out in court last week, payments of businessmen to politicians were so common that no one thought much about them. The prudent contractor simply budgeted for payoffs the way other businessmen put money aside for taxes.

Hard on Race. Agnew got his big chance in 1966 when he was elected Governor, winning because he then was relatively liberal, and running against a reactionary. But when ghetto riots hit Baltimore in 1968, Agnew met with the leaders of the state's black moderates and, before the TV cameras, dressed them down for not controlling the rioters. The incident established Agnew as a hard-liner on race and helped catch the eye of Richard Nixon.

In 1968 Candidate Nixon was presiding over a brainstorming conference on possible running mates when Agnew's name came up. Someone in the room warned that the Governor's record in Maryland looked suspicious. Nixon brushed the remark aside. As it turned out, he had already decided to pick Agnew.

The tough talking and law-and-order pose of Agnew may have helped Nixon win two elections, but the former Vice President contributed precious little to the Nixon Administrations, except to serve as a willing hatchet man, warring with the "irresponsible" press and firing off salvos of alliterative tongue twisters at weak-kneed liberals—those "nattering nabobs of negativism." But the plain fact was that Agnew was less at home with politicians than he was with celebrities and millionaires. He never seemed very happy in his work. But it takes money to play in the Frank Sinatra league—money or a title—and now Agnew has neither.

Perhaps Agnew would not seem to have fallen so far if he had not held himself up so high to the nation as the advocate of law and order. But fall he did, and the change was instantaneous. The day after his resignation, Agnew was attending the funeral of a half-brother when someone slyly asked his wife, "What about the Vice President?" Quickly, Mrs. Agnew made the correction. "You mean the former Vice President," she said.



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WATERGATE

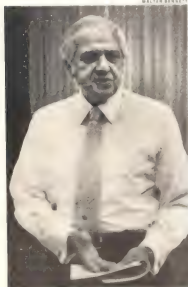
Rejecting Nixon's Absolutes

The showdown nears. The stage has been set for a final confrontation between Executive and judiciary, between President Nixon and the U.S. Supreme Court. By a 5-to-2 majority last week, the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia upheld U.S. District Judge John J. Sirica's decision that the President must let him examine the Watergate tapes to decide which to submit to the Watergate grand jury.

Trying to head off a constitutional clash, the court of appeals had asked the President's attorneys and Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox to try to work out a compromise. No agreement could be reached; so the court ruled. Its decision was a sharp, skillfully crafted rebuke to the President's claims of absolute immunity from the judicial process and absolute Executive privilege.* To uphold these positions, said the court, would dangerously strengthen the presidency at the expense of the other branches of Government.

Acknowledging that its decision applied only to the "precise and entirely unique circumstances of the case," the court made a ringing declaration that the President must answer to the law no less than the average citizen. "The Constitution," said the court, "makes no mention of special presidential immunities. Indeed, the Executive Branch generally is afforded none. This silence cannot be ascribed to oversight."

*With two of the judges disqualifying themselves, the court was unanimous in upholding its jurisdiction over the case. But two judges, George MacKinnon and Malcolm Wilkey, both Nixon appointees, supported the President's refusal to release the tapes.



JUDGE DAVID BAZELON
Sharp rebuke.

"Lacking textual support," the court continued, "counsel for the President would have us infer immunity from the President's political mandate or from his vulnerability to impeachment or from his discretionary powers. These are invitations to refashion the Constitution, and we reject them. Though the President is elected by nationwide ballot and is often said to represent all the people, he does not embody the nation's sovereignty. He is not above the law's commands. Sovereignty remains at all times with the people, and they do not forfeit through elections the right to have the law construed against and applied to every citizen."

Throughout history, said the court, there have been frequent conflicts between the independent organs of Government. "Our constitutional system provides a means for resolving them—one Supreme Court." If the President was granted the power to decide what constitutes Executive privilege, there would be a "mixing" of Executive and judicial functions rather than a separation. "The Constitution mentions no Executive privilege, much less any absolute Executive privilege." If the President's claims were accepted, the Executive Branch might deny public access to all documents. "Support for this kind of mischief simply cannot be spun from incantation of the doctrine of separation of powers."

Powerful Showing. The opinion quoted Nixon's own words against him. Last May, before the existence of the tapes was known, the President declared: "Executive privilege will not be invoked as to any testimony concerning possible criminal conduct in the matters presently under investigation, including the Watergate affair and the alleged cover-up." Confidentiality, the court continued, had been destroyed by public discussion of the contents of the tapes. The court was doubtless alluding to H.R. Haldeman's mention of them in his appearance before the Senate Watergate committee. Finally, said the court, claims for Executive privilege fail "in the face of the uniquely powerful showing made by the special prosecutor."

The two dissenting judges took the opposite position from the majority. Denying the President's claim of absolute Executive privilege, they maintained, would decisively weaken him in his dealings with the other two branches of Government. "The ultimate issue," wrote Judge George MacKinnon, "is the effect that our decision will have upon the constitutional independence of our President for all time." If he cannot be assured that his conversations will remain confidential, he may be prevented from formulating programs and strategies. Said Judge Malcolm Wilkey: "To put the theoretical situation and possibilities

in terms of 'absolute' privilege sounds somewhat terrifying until one realizes that this is exactly the way matters have been for 184 years of our history, and the republic still stands."

The court of appeals granted a stay of its decision for five days to give the President an opportunity to appeal to the Supreme Court—an option he is certain to take. The Supreme Court is expected to hear oral arguments in early December. If its decision is as definitive as that of the appeals court, Nixon will have no choice but to turn over the tapes he has so diligently guarded or risk a constitutional crisis that could well be resolved by his impeachment.



CHARLES G. ("BEBE") REBOZO

The Hughes Connection

As Phase II of the Watergate hearings—the sessions devoted to campaign dirty tricks—ended last week, the Senate committee's focus of attention had already shifted to the next phase, scheduled to begin Oct. 30. The committee is then planning to look into campaign-financing practices; and its investigators have begun probing an especially intriguing bit of financing—a contribution of \$100,000 to Nixon by Billionaire Howard Hughes. The gift, allegedly meant to be used for campaigning, was received and held for more than three years by Charles G. ("Bebe") Rebozo, Nixon's favorite weekend companion, who may be called to testify before the committee about the transaction.

Committee investigators have already interviewed the publicity-shy Rebozo for five hours about the \$100,000 payment. In somewhat flustered testimony, committee sources said, the Miami businessman claimed that the gift was first suggested by Hughes Executive Richard Danner and delivered to Rebozo in two equal installments, one in 1969 and one in 1970. Hughes in-

THE NATION

tended the money to be used in Nixon's 1972 re-election campaign. Rebozo said, (Danner claims that the funds were earmarked for congressional candidates in the 1970 mid-term elections.) Yet for reasons that are unclear, the money was not turned over to any campaign. Instead, Rebozo kept it stashed in a Key Biscayne safe-deposit box until last spring, when Robert Maheu, the deposed head of Hughes' Nevada gambling empire, mentioned the contribution's existence in a deposition connected with his \$17 million suit against Hughes. At that point, Rebozo said, he returned the \$100,000 to Hughes.

Among other things, the committee wants to investigate Maheu's reported allegation that the gifts were actually intended to buy influence for Hughes on the outcome of two major federal cases involving his business interests. Two such cases were decided in his favor during that period. One was a Civil Aeronautics Board decision in July 1969 allowing him to buy Air West, a small California-based passenger line; the other was a Justice Department cancellation in the late summer of 1970 of an antitrust action that sought to prevent Hughes from purchasing additional gambling casinos in Las Vegas.

Odd Coincidence. There is yet an odder coincidence about the gifts. The second installment was paid to him, Rebozo testified, on July 3, 1970, at Nixon's San Clemente home. On the same date, committee sources said, Rebozo and Robert Abplanalp, another close presidential pal, were concluding a deal for the purchase of 2.9 acres of Nixon's San Clemente property, apparently to help the President finance his lavish estate. According to the same sources, the purchase price of that parcel of land was exactly \$100,000. Rebozo denied that any of the Hughes money was used in the transaction, claiming that those funds lay idle without even collecting interest during his trusteeship.

The week's testimony centered largely on the question of whether dirty tricks have become a normal part of the U.S. political process. The affirmative side was argued by John R. Buckley, 53, a G.O.P. spy who penetrated the Democratic campaign of Edmund Muskie under the code name "Fat Jack"; he blandly testified that such spying occurs in "every major election."

The Watergate grand jury was also continuing its work. Last week it indicted Egil Krogh Jr., the former top aide to John Ehrlichman. Krogh, who directed the White House plumbers, was cited on two counts of false declaration. The indictment testified that Krogh lied in his original testimony in August 1972, when he claimed that he had no knowledge of the plumbers' break-in at the office of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist. He later admitted that he had authorized the burglary. Krogh's indictment was the first obtained by Special Watergate Prosecutor Archibald Cox.

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDLEY

Awaiting the Next Resolution

This is the time of the aftershock.

Events of the Agnew magnitude produce momentary political paralysis and anguish. Then comes the time of reflection and clarification, and then the aftershock, when people see they have been right or wrong and decide how they feel.

Richard Nixon stands nearer his own resignation or impeachment than ever before. How near is the unanswerable question. But the sense of the men in the White House that they have now resolved part of their tortuous problem is false. It is one of those singular illusions that result from their isolation.

The country has been morally ravaged. The realization of that is being registered now in Congress and in almost every public opinion survey. In American schools, from college to junior high, Watergate has become a negative civics and government lesson, focusing thought that some academicians believe will have an impact far beyond just those students in the seminars and lectures.

Events may intervene in undetermined ways or for an unpredictable time. A worsening and continuing Middle East situation could help Nixon back from the precipice on which he now stands. A brightening of the economic picture or some other unforeseen natural or human event could give him surer footing.



"And then there was one."

But the massive emotional and political forces already pushing against him could be strengthened. Even before the Agnew confession there was overwhelming evidence of a new and deeper national souring on Nixon, the result of people pondering at the summer's end the meanings in the Watergate hearings and the economic poundings and seeing this nation rushing toward scarcity while a helpless and indifferent Administration is absorbed in its own salvation.

Now, despite the preponderance of evidence against Agnew, Nixon's natural allies on the right feel betrayed by the President and at least for the moment some are inclined to take out their anger on Nixon, who they feel executed Agnew. Egil Krogh, another of Nixon's White House aides from the days of infamy, was indicted last week, a harbinger that Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox's vast apparatus is beginning to gather momentum in the courts. The Hughes money given to Bebe Rebozo for the Nixon campaign has an ominous ring. Is this the end of a dirty shirttail that will show one of the world's richest men to be involved in the scandals of this Administration?

Those White House team players, big and little, have pulled apart and formed their own defenses, tried to reorder their shattered

worlds. To some of them, it is now clear that Nixon was their nemesis. In private, they wonder just how long Mitchell, Ehrlichman, Haldeman, Agnew—maybe Rebozo—and their tortured wives and children can cling to their professions of presidential innocence, can display faulty memories and live behind legal gimmicks. Will one break?

There is, too, the tapes decision. Of course, Nixon could win in the Supreme Court, or he could comply with an order to produce his tapes and papers, which might prove inconclusive. But what if the high court upholds the two lower courts, asks the President to turn the material over, and he refuses? The reluctant dragons on the Hill now are saying that would be grounds for impeachment.

And Agnew? In the long run he becomes a confirmation of many dark thoughts about the Nixon morality. If Agnew, the Administration's avenging angel for so long, is a criminal, what voice in that discredited jungle can be believed? Had Agnew winked from his pulpit, shown a sense of humor and an understanding of his own flaws, his fall would have had less impact. But he was unguiving and unyielding. Agnew is a part of Nixon, despite the desperate efforts of detachment.

Events have taken charge in this city. There is no man who can now control them. They may be influenced or delayed, but the rush of them suggests that this Government is severely damaged. What matters most now is how everything comes together in the national mind—scandal, war, economics, people—and how that in turn is communicated to the Congress and the courts and the President.

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MIDDLE EAST

The War of the Day of Judgment

On the sands of the Sinai Peninsula and the craggy hills of the Golan Heights, the smoldering carcasses of planes and tanks mingled with the rusting wreckage left over from the Six-Day War of 1967. Blackened bodies of slain troops littered the terrain. From Damascus to Cairo and over the neighboring countries of Lebanon and Jordan, dogfights swirled high in the sky, anti-aircraft

Kippur war." Elazar proposed an alternative. It would be better called "the war of the Day of Judgment."

Elazar was speaking early on in a battle raging over Israel's annexed frontiers, and as he spoke it seemed—from the Israeli side, at least—that yet one more judgment was about to be rendered on the Arabs. From military spokesmen in Tel Aviv came assurances that Israel

emerged from the rubble. This one was highly unlikely to last that long, but it already was raging at a bloodier rate.

The fighting started on the Day of Atonement, Yom Kippur, the most solemn moment in the Jewish religious year, and it continued beyond Sukkoth, the Feast of Tabernacles, when Jews traditionally celebrate Moses' passage through the Sinai desert 3,300 years ago.



RANKS OF ISRAELI SOLDIERS TAKEN PRISONERS DURING EGYPTIAN ADVANCE ON THE SINAI PENINSULA
Instead of a swift mopping-up operation, several days of fierce, bloody fighting.

shells and missiles exploded and wreckage fell. On the ground, armies of Arabs and Israelis last week maneuvered and fought each other with an intensity never before witnessed in the seemingly endless conflict in the Middle East.

In Tel Aviv, his olive-drab shirt-sleeves rolled up in Israeli military fashion and his demeanor stern, Lieut. General David Elazar took time out from battle decisions and battle-front inspections to assess the war ravaging the Middle East. Israel's stocky, graying Chief of Staff spoke tersely and to the point. When a newsmen asked whether he would agree that the Middle East's fourth conflict in 25 years of Arab-Israeli hostility should be called "the Yom

li troops rolling into battle were being deployed for little more than a mopping-up operation, and for several days world opinion was badly misled. The Suez war of 1956 took only 100 hours. The 1967 war lasted a mere six days. The speed and style of the Israelis—and the ineptness of the Arabs—had accustomed the world to swift battles in the Middle East, if not to peaceful solutions. Another, perhaps even swifter battle seemed reasonable this time. It was not to be.

At the end of six days of fierce fighting, neither side was ready to lay down its arms. The Arabs were battling as hard as the Israelis. The first war, beginning in 1947, continued for 14 months before the state of Israel

In an address to the Israeli nation, Premier Golda Meir showed none of the customary joy that accompanies the Sukkoth festival. "The main thing," she said somberly, "is to conclude the war and conclude it with our victory." General Aharon Yariv, the Six-Day War's intelligence chief, who had been called back to active duty, declared: "It is not going to be a short war. The people of Israel can expect no early and elegant victories. We will have to do a lot of fighting." Or, as Major General Shmuel Gonen, commander of the southern front, said more succinctly: "This is no express war."

Indeed not. At week's end, an estimated 100,000 Syrian troops had fallen.



Syrian armor afire after Golan Heights tank battle.



Israeli wounded being treated at aid station.



Israelis firing Soviet Katusha rocket launchers captured from the Syrians.





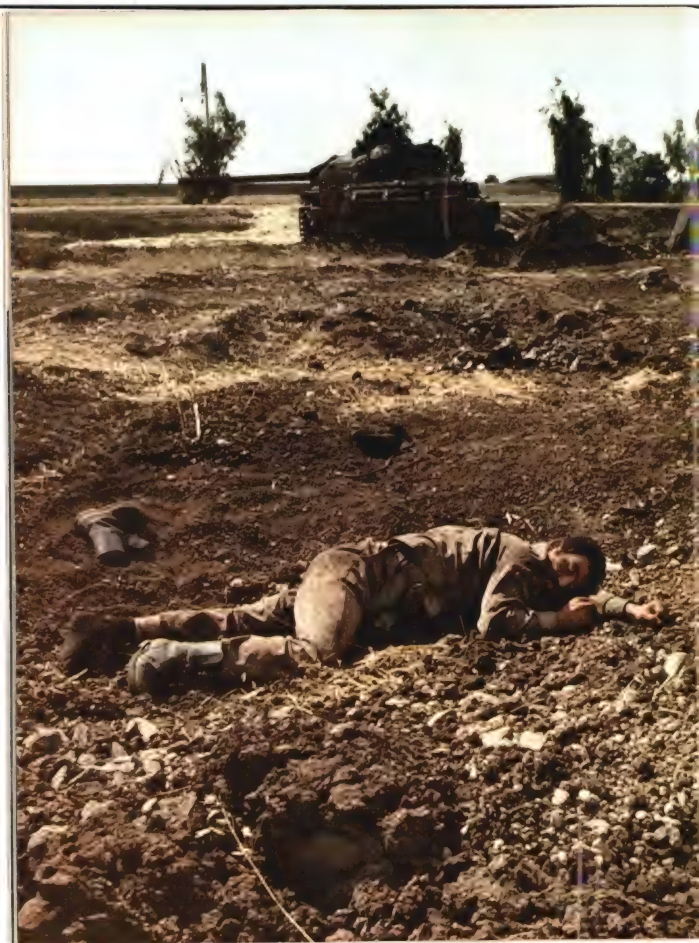
Israeli half-tracks pass burning enemy vehicles.



Hands in the air, a Syrian soldier surrenders.

Israeli soldiers moving forward at El Quneitra.





THE WORLD

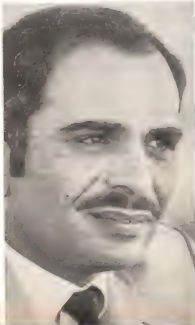
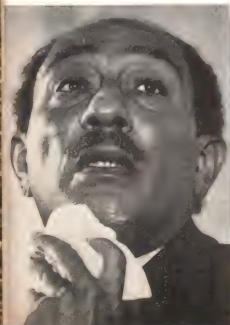
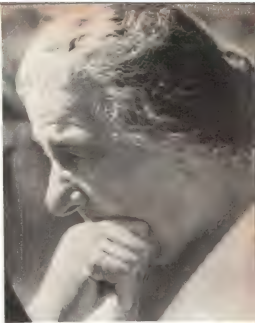
en back from the Golan Heights but were fighting fiercely, and Egypt had managed to insert up to 100,000 men on the east bank of the Suez Canal. The Arabs were standing and fighting—and already celebrating a victory. The mere fact that they had launched an attack against Israel and then sustained it and inflicted painful damage gave an incalculable lift to the spirit of a people who for decades had been beaten again and again on the battlefield. The whole psychological balance of power in the Middle East and most of what used to be considered political realities had suddenly changed.

Although the two-front war mainly involved Egypt and Syria, the Arab glee quickly grew into a kind of Moslem *jihad* (holy war). Morocco four months ago had sent a small detachment of troops to the Golan Heights largely as

a symbolic gesture; suddenly they found themselves in action, and the Moroccans rejoiced. Kuwait had a similar unit on the Suez Canal, and it, too, entered the battle. Saudi Arabia sent 1,000 troops, and Tunisia dispatched 900 men to war in Algerian transport planes. "Conquer or die!" President Habib Bourguiba told them. Iraq did more: it seconded some of its Russian-equipped air force to Syrian and Egyptian control and began to move 18,000 infantrymen and 100 tanks to the Syrian front.

In the eighth day of combat, a more dangerous ally joined ranks with Egypt and Syria. Jordan, the third "confrontation" country on the border of Israel, sent elements of its crack army to join the Syrian forces in their battle to halt Israeli advances toward Damascus. The small Jordanian army (70,000 troops) is the best in the Arab world, and its of-

DEAD SYRIAN SOLDIER LIES NEAR HIS TANK; GOLDA MEIR; MOSHE DAYAN IN GOLAN HEIGHTS BUNKER. BOTTOM: PRESIDENT SADAT (LEFT), KING HUSSEIN



ficers were eager for action. King Hussein had been under pressure from other Arab states to join the fighting, though perhaps less so than in 1967. What no doubt finally caused Hussein to make his decision was the success and strength of the Arab attack.

Hussein could not help being infected by the new sense of pride surging through the Arab world. It was becoming a source of honor for Arabs to take part in the battle. Morale was so high in Amman that even in the refugee camps, where Palestinian Arabs usually exude little more than despair, a new cry was being heard—"Tamaman!", the Arabic equivalent of "Right on!"

A *jihad* needs a leader, and the Arabs last week had a most unexpectedly popular one: Egyptian President Anwar Sadat. For three years Sadat had been threatening to carry the war to Israel in order to reclaim the territory in Sinai that Egypt lost in the 1967 debacle. But after endless empty threats, almost no-

War on Two Fronts



body believed the colorless Sadat, not even Arabs.

Only two weeks before the Egyptians struck across the canal, Sadat was host in Cairo to two leaders of the Palestinian guerrilla movement from Beirut. "Prepare yourselves," he told them. "We are going into war." The visitors duly reported Sadat's warning at an executive meeting of the Palestine Liberation Organization. The leaders chuckled at yet one more vain boast by Sadat, who has come to be known among Arab militants as "Old Goha," the classic fall guy in Egyptian jokes. Scarcely a week later the Egyptians struck, and Sadat was an instant hero throughout the Arab world. In shops and *sugs*, pictures of him went up next to those of the late Gamal Abdel Nasser, the charismatic leader he succeeded in 1970. Until last week, the comparisons between the two leaders had always been in favor of Nasser.

Nasser's Mistakes. In a sense, the successes of the Arab forces were due to the fact that Sadat as President of Egypt was as different from Nasser in style and attitude as the current fighting was from the battles of 1967. Nasser, a friend recalls, enjoyed having strong men around him. Being strong, he liked to tilt against them. But Sadat "cuts everybody down to size. He has not allowed any military commander to get too strong. He never allows a Prime Minister to emerge as a man of influence."

Sadat has profited from Nasser's mistakes. Where Nasser tended to divide the Arab world and constantly quarreled with fellow leaders, Sadat has worked toward consensus and has ended much of the feuding that formerly went on. He put the latest operation together, first by getting Syrian President Hafez Assad to agree to his invasion plans, and then by restoring King Hus-

sein to a position of importance in the Arab world (he had been in bad graces since his 1970 crackdown on the Palestinian guerrillas). With unity achieved, Sadat was ready for battle.

The attack on Sinai and the Golan Heights was carried out with a finesse and synchronization that not even most Arabs suspected that the Arabs possessed. For one thing, details of the invasion were the best-kept Arab military secret in 25 years; combat commanders were not informed of the upcoming attack until they had need to know. Both Israeli and U.S. intelligence picked up signs of gathering forces, but could not bring themselves to believe that the Arabs were actually going to attack. It was only ten hours before the assault began

that Israel finally concluded that the Arabs meant business. By the time the attack came on the afternoon of Yom Kippur, the Israelis were mobilizing, but they were too late to prevent Arab advances. Syrian forces in the Golan Heights and Egyptian troops in the Sinai Peninsula smashed through Israeli lines and established powerful positions within the first minutes of the war.

In those early hours, Israel underestimated the force of the Arab assault, largely because of the pervasive overconfidence it had felt since the Six-Day War. Israel assumed that its highly motivated and well-trained troops could easily beat off a double-edged Arab attack, even a surprise attack. In a show of excessive bravado, Israel announced during the first day of fighting that schools would stay in session. The Allenby Bridge from Jordan was kept open to traffic, and, after briefly shutting down, Lod Airport was opened to international traffic. But as the fighting went on, civilian morale began to sag. "Oh God," said a housewife in Jerusalem last week as she went about preparations for Sukkoth, "we thought that this war would last for only two days."

Nightly Blackout. In contrast to gloom in Israel jubilation swept Arab cities. Everywhere Arab newspapers carried pictures of Israeli prisoners and the wreckage of vaunted Phantom jets. *Al-Ahram* Editor Hassanein Heikal quoted Soviet Ambassador to Cairo Vladimir Vinogradov as saying: "I have experienced sweet and bitter days, but this is the prime of my career in Egypt."

TIME Correspondent Wilton Wynn reported from Cairo that the capital showed "surprisingly few signs of war. A nightly blackout that was about 75% effective on the second or third day of the fighting now has slipped back to

The Cost of the War

The U.S. Defense Department compiled the following estimates of the losses at the end of the first seven days of fighting:

	Killed, Wounded*	Aircraft	Tanks, Armored Vehicles
EGYPT	6,500	82	230
SYRIA	4,000	90	630
ISRAEL	2,000	58	608

*The normal ratio of combat casualties is three soldiers wounded for each one killed.



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The Deadly New Weapons

The deadliest enemy that Israel faces in the current fighting in the Middle East is Soviet military technology. Russian-built missiles and rockets have accounted for most of the planes and tanks lost by Israel so far.

Some of the Soviet hardware of course has long been familiar to Israel. Its planes had encountered the high-altitude SA-2 and lower-altitude SA-3 surface-to-air missiles during Nasser's 1969-70 war of attrition against Israeli defenses in the Sinai. But in the current war, the Israelis find themselves also facing the SA-6, a Soviet-built missile so new that it has never before been used in combat. In fact, according to British Military Analyst Edward Luttwak, the Soviet army itself has only limited quantities of the SA-6. Lethally accurate, it is responsible for downing most of the 70-odd American-made F-4E Phantoms and A-4E Skyhawks that Israel lost in the first week of the war.

Western intelligence sources have only scanty information about the SA-6, but they believe that the U.S. has nothing exactly like it. Launched from a highly mobile, tracked vehicle, the SA-6, called the Gainful, is more accurate and has a much more versatile guidance system than the U.S. Hawk—the American missile closest to it. Unlike anything U.S. pilots encountered in Viet Nam, the SA-6 can hit a plane

flying anywhere from just above ground level to seven miles up. The SA-6 uses its radar to focus on the incoming plane, and at the right moment launches its rocket and directs it against the plane until impact—all within a few seconds.

As much as the SA-6 has been the nemesis of the Israeli air force, the Soviet-built Snapper antitank missile has tormented Israeli armor. With a range of roughly one mile, the Snapper can literally be steered to its target by a gunner who guides a pair of hair-thin wires that unravel from the back of the soaring rocket. It has accounted for most of Israel's nearly 300 tank losses. More conventional but nonetheless effective has been Egypt's use of the Russian T-62 main battle tank. This is the first time that the 36.5-ton tank has operated in combat. It carries a 115-mm. gun.

Israel, of course, is not fighting the war with a slingshot. The ship-to-ship Gabriel missile, developed by Israeli scientists, has a range of more than twelve miles. Israel also uses American-made jets, tanks and artillery, and arms its warplanes with missiles and rockets the U.S. perfected in Viet Nam. Especially deadly are the Sidewinder air-to-air heat-seeking missile; the Sparrow, an air-to-air missile that uses radar to direct it against either planes or tanks; and the Maverick, the so-called smart rocket of the Viet Nam War, which carries a TV camera that steers it to targets on the ground. These missiles have accounted for most of the 800 Arab tanks and more than 150 Arab planes destroyed by the Israelis.

CHAPMAN/STEWART



EGYPTIAN AMPHIBIOUS TANK SUPPLIED BY THE SOVIET UNION

about 60% effective, an indication of general relaxation. There had been rumors of shortages at first, but there is no noticeable lack of essentials. The seasonal foods, rice, sugar and sweets are all in adequate supply. More surprising is the Cairenes' friendly attitude toward foreigners, especially Americans. While the U.S. prestige officially has plunged for resupplying Israel, American companies have not felt it necessary to recommend that their U.S. employees leave the country. Whatever happens, President Sadat is riding high. Intellectuals who were once highly critical of him are now singing his praises. Said one intellectual to me: "Last week I hated Anwar Sadat. Today I love him—and for exactly the same reasons."

For Moslems as well as Jews, the

war had religious overtones. It came during Ramadan, the holy month of dawn-to-dusk fasting when, it is said, warriors who die in a *jihad* go immediately to heaven. In Cairo, Moslem scholars formally declared the fight a holy war.

In Sinai, the Egyptians, with 500 tanks, held onto the entire 103-mile length of the east bank of the Suez Canal. They seemed content for the moment to remain under the sheltering umbrella of Soviet-supplied ground-to-air missiles and artillery, taunting the Israelis to try to dislodge them from their defensive position. The mere fact that they had taken the eastern bank and the Israelis had been unable to push them back across the canal was in itself a significant military achievement.

The Egyptian flag was in Sinai again.

At the outset, Egypt's decision to send armor and waves of infantry across the canal to be torn up by Israeli firepower seemed to be terrible tactics. The '67 war, in which Israeli firepower inflicted fateful casualties, was still strong in the minds of Israeli military planners. But the Egyptians created a deadly zone of ground-to-air missiles and artillery to safeguard their bridgeheads. Up and down the canal, Egyptian forces in assault boats suddenly put out a series of bridges, including three at El Qantara in the north-central sector of the canal, three more at Ismailia and another three at Suez on the southern end. Some of the bridges were old-fashioned pontoons lashed together and topped with roadway; others were a modern type put

THE WORLD

down by Soviet-developed amphibious vehicles that laid ladder-like sections as they chugged across the canal. Soldiers went across in small boats and rafts at points where no bridges existed. The infantry troops were backed up by airplanes, artillery and small waves of paratroopers who were shuttled across the canal in helicopters.

The surge of Egyptians was too much for the canal defenders, a thin band of regular-army forces reduced that weekend by Yom Kippur passes. "My God," said a radioman in one bunker reporting back to Israel's secondary defenses ten miles to the rear, "it's like the Chinese coming across." Another forward observer reported that "hundreds, thousands of Egyptians are swimming toward our fort. We need reinforcements quickly."

Backed up by Soviet T-54 and T-55 tanks rumbling across the pontoon bridges, the Egyptians paused hardly at all, sweeping over Israel's vaunted Bar-Lev defense line anchored just beyond the east bank. They had obviously prepared well and adroitly. "We trained for this mission for a long time," one wounded soldier told newsmen as he was carried back across the canal. "Each of us knew by heart what he was supposed to do."

The pontoon bridges were quickly knocked out by low-flying fighters of the Israeli air force, and just as quickly rebuilt. "They go up and they go down," said an Israeli officer charged with keeping them down. "I don't think Montgomery would have done it," said a Western officer who was following the war from the Arab side. "But if it involved some foolhardiness, it also involved a great deal of courage on the part of Sadat." As the attacking Egyptians pushed out onto the desert and Israeli troops fell back, Egypt poured two armored divisions and one mechanized infantry division into Sinai. Among the tanks crossing the canal were T-62s, the hottest item in Moscow's armored supply kit. The Soviets presumably were curious to see how the T-62—previously untested in battle—would do against the Israelis.

The Egyptian thrust was so well planned that even the Israelis were impressed. At the same time that major units were crossing the waterway under air and missile support, Russian-built TU-16 jets of the Egyptian air force were bombing Israel's principal oil-producing wells—taken over from Egypt in the Six-Day War—at Abu Rudeia, farther down the Sinai Peninsula. Egyptian command units were meanwhile dispatched to

work their way behind Israeli lines and disrupt supply routes. They did it effectively. But as the battle went on, the Israelis returned the trick by sending nighttime commandos across the Gulf of Suez to swing round and hit the Egyptians in the same way.

On the desert, Egyptian and Israeli armored units fought deadly battles, often at point-blank range. On the first day of mobilization, Israeli Journalist David Halevy, a reserve rank lieutenant colonel, hurried from Tel Aviv to his reconnaissance battalion in the Sinai. By the second afternoon of the war, the reserve unit was in place at El Qantara, but it was unable to break through Egyptian lines to reach the bigger force it was assigned to support. Halevy later reported to TIME: "We were fighting in the area opposite Ismailia and the Firdan ridge. The Egyptian artillery was thick. Our tanks picked up casualties and took them along as we advanced because there was no immediate way the men could be evacuated." The Egyptians, he noted, "were fighting well, not running away. Our tactic the first two days was, as usual, to move forward, move forward. But as we advanced, we hit a wall of hundreds of missiles, tanks and heavy guns. There were heavy casualties on both sides—dead and wounded and burned-out tanks. They couldn't evacuate their dead or their machines. Their dead were so thick that our vehicles had to be careful not to run over the corpses."

Difficult Decision. The fourth day of the fighting was the worst, according to Halevy, who was later wounded when a shell fragment struck him in the neck. "We had little air support that day. The Egyptians attacked by the thousands. We let them climb up toward us, and when they were really close we smacked them with everything we had. Next day we captured two Egyptian soldiers. One told us that he had been in the Sinai before the war broke out, preparing an ambush of antitank missiles."

Any war has its moments of light or dark humor, and the latest Mideast battle is no exception. In the sand near the canal, an Israeli tank-unit commander counted his vehicles at dawn and discovered that he had one too many. An Egyptian armored personnel carrier, lost in the desert night, had attached itself to the column. The Israelis destroyed it before the Egyptian crew discovered where they were.

In the Sinai at week's end, the Israelis faced a difficult decision. The Egyptians either were unable to break out of their bridgehead or, more likely, did not plan to. Except for some armored probes of the Israeli line, which resulted in some heavy clashes, the Egyptians were hunkering down in the desert. As long as they had their missile umbrella, the Israeli air force was largely unable to maul them. That meant Israeli ground forces had to move in to drive the Egyptians out.

The Israeli goal was to recapture lost

RESCUING VICTIM OF ISRAELI BOMBING ALONG "EMBASSY ROW" IN DAMASCUS



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land and destroy the Arab armies. But from a strictly military point of view, launching such an attack in Sinai really made little sense. The attacking force, according to traditional military planning, has to be prepared to accept three times as many casualties as the defenders. For Israel, that was a doubtful choice to make—and one that could wait. There were more pressing concerns on the northern front.

The Israelis were content to let the Egyptians sit there while they concen-

trated their effort more than 300 miles away at the far end of Israel on the rolling Golan plain above the Sea of Galilee. Here, along a 60-mile front, the Syrians had massed nearly 1,000 tanks. And here the Israelis, forced to fight a simultaneous two-front war, decided to make their first major counterattack.

For the initial 40 hours of the battle, small regular-army units faced the Syrian advance, fighting their way out of encirclements and pulling back to safety. By the third day, Israel's 95,000-man

standing army had been backed up by 180,000 reservists. They rushed into battle with verve and determination. It was the kind of battle that Israeli forces had trained for—a swift, savage mobile engagement between armored units.

With a massive concentration of tanks, the Israelis lashed into the Syrian forces. The Syrians at first fell back, but then managed to counterattack and drive back into occupied territory. El Quneitra, formerly the Heights' biggest center and since '67 largely a ghost town,

The Tough New Commanders

An entire generation of military leaders has already made of the war in the Middle East a lifetime occupation. Last week three of the region's most skilled and tenacious commanders emerged at the forefront of the struggle, the operational heads of the Egyptian, Syrian and Israeli armies. The new commanders:

EGYPT, LIEUT. GENERAL SAADEDDIN SHAZLI: In any country this brilliant, aggressive and fiercely devoted soldier would stand out as a talented strategist. The mastermind behind Egypt's assault on the formidable Bar-Lev Line on the east side of the Suez Canal, Shazli, 52, has long awaited his chance to prove the Arabs' military prowess. Educated at the Egyptian military academy and trained in the Soviet Union, he has been an officer since the first Palestine war of 1948. After the 1967 Six-Day War, he commanded Egypt's "special forces" and later the elite commando unit that forayed across the Suez Canal into Israeli-occupied territory. In 1971, in the course of President Sadat's top-level purge of the Egyptian military, he replaced Lieut. General Mohammed Sadek as Chief of Staff.

Since then he has been a prime force in soothing passions among feuding Arab factions, with the goal of constructing a coordinated battle plan for Syrian and Egyptian forces against Israel. A specialist in both airborne and guerrilla warfare and the holder of a master's degree in political science, Shazli is extremely popular among his men. He maintains an almost mystical belief in the destiny of the Arab peoples. "Let us regain the glories of Arabism," he said at a meeting in Cairo of the Arab Chiefs of Staff, "and prove to the whole world that we are men of war, who either live proudly or die honorably."

SYRIA, MAJOR GENERAL MUSTAFA TLAS: This fervid Arab patriot is Deputy Commander in Chief of the Syrian army as well as Defense Minister. Tlas, 45, has been an uncompromising opponent of any attempt at a negotiated settlement of the Middle East crisis. A believer in "people's war," and author of a book on guerrilla fighting, he was one of the first Syrian army regulars to give support to the Palestinian commandos in their war against King Hussein, with a brief but disastrous invasion of Jordan in 1970.

After graduating from the Syrian military

academy, Tlas began his career as a army regular, while at the same time becoming a prominent figure in the Baath Party. In the split between military and civilian factions that developed in the Syrian leadership, Tlas sided with the army, throwing his weight behind President Hafez Assad in the latter's 1970 coup. Since then he and Assad have concentrated their attention on improving the quality of Syria's armed forces, with Tlas traveling to Moscow, Peking and, most recently, Hanoi in quest of military equipment and advice.

Tlas is popular with the armed forces in part because of his unflinching policy of retaliation against Israeli attacks. Since 1970 he and Assad have consistently favored a coordinated command with Egypt, a policy that led directly to the two-front assault on the occupied territories on Yom Kippur.

ISRAEL, LIEUT. GENERAL DAVID ELAZAR: Nobody in Israel has been more contemptuous of the Arabs' military capacity than this longtime protégé of Israel's respected former Chief of Staff Haim Bar-Lev. Born in Yugoslavia, like Bar-Lev, Elazar, now 48, went to Israel in 1940, soon joined the Palmach, the strike force of the underground Zionist army, and fought in the 1948 war of independence. His military career advanced rapidly as he followed Bar-Lev from command to command until he succeeded him as Chief of Staff in 1971. Last April Elazar predicted, "I don't believe the Egyptian forces have the faintest chance of winning a battle."

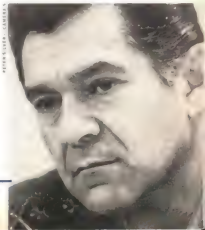
Even now that the Arab offensive has been more successful than he expected, the nasal-voiced general vows that he will "break the bones" of his adversaries. He has done it before. Twice he commanded Israeli forces that captured territory in the Sinai, once in 1948 and again in 1956. In 1967, it was his daring use of Israeli innovations in armored warfare, especially the use of tanks at night and in hilly fighting, that was decisive in rolling back Syrian ground forces. Leading the assault from a front-line half-track, Elazar took the Golan Heights during the Six-Day War in a mere 15 hours, audaciously advancing straight into withering Syrian artillery fire. Terse and direct, Elazar is known by his Yugoslavian nickname, "Dado." He is also called "Bulldog," for, as one Israeli officer put it: "His bulldog fighting technique is to take a good big bite and then hang on."



SYRIAN GENERAL TLAS



EGYPTIAN GENERAL SHAZLI



ISRAELI GENERAL ELAZAR



A BATTERY OF HEAVY ISRAELI GUNS FIRING AT SYRIAN ARMY POSITIONS ALONG THE GOLAN HEIGHTS. The sentiment in Tel Aviv was to smash all the way to Damascus.

changed hands several times. Finally, Israeli armored units, closely supported by Phantoms and Skyhawks whooshing in to splatter napalm on the forward Syrian units, halted the Syrian drive and turned the Arabs back.

The Israeli breakthrough on the Golan forced battlefield decisions on both sides. For the Syrians, the choice was between falling back to defend Damascus or standing fast on the El Quneitra-Damascus road in an effort to halt the Israelis. For the Israelis, the decision was how far they should try to move along the road to Damascus. By week's end at least one Israeli force had penetrated more than ten miles beyond the cease-fire line set in 1967; but other Israeli troops were still meeting stiff resistance at the cease-fire lines. The Syrians were standing and fighting, aided by troops from both Iraq and Jordan. On the front, at least, the sentiment among Israeli soldiers was to smash the Arabs and go all the way to Damascus. Israeli tankers chalked ON TO DAMASCUS on the metal fronts of their Sherman and Centurion tanks. Defense Minister Moshe Dayan, watching the battle from a redoubt on the Heights, made an angry vow: "We're going to show the Syrians that the road runs from Tel Aviv to Damascus as well as from Damascus to Tel Aviv." Dayan's order to his forces was to destroy as much of the Syrian army as possible along the way. In a cruel but effective bit of psychological warfare, Israeli Arab-language radio broadcasts taunted Damascenes, telling them to close the shutters on their houses and hang out white flags.

Even before the armored columns ambitiously headed toward Damascus, the Israelis had brought the war to the Syrian capital. On the fourth day of fighting, Israeli Phantoms suddenly appeared over the capital and bombed it. Their targets were the Defense Ministry and the Damascus radio station, both of

which they hit. But homes and buildings near the ministry in the fashionable residential quarter of the city occupied by many foreign missions and embassies were also damaged, including a hospital and the Soviet cultural mission. A Norwegian United Nations truce observer, his wife and eight-year-old daughter were killed.

More Raids. In the course of the week, other Israeli air raids were carried out on the smaller Syrian cities of Homs, Latakia and Tartus. Additional foreign casualties were inflicted at Latakia when bomb fragments hit the 1,480-ton Greek freighter *Tsimetavron*, which was anchored in the harbor, and two seamen were killed. At Tartus, the Soviet freighter *Ilya Mechnikov*, which was reportedly unloading equipment for Syria's new Euphrates Dam, was badly damaged by an Israeli missile, and a Japanese vessel was also reported sunk. The Russians immediately accused Israel of "barbarous" attacks on non-military targets, and demanded "the strict observance by Israel of the norms of international law." Air strikes were also flown against Egypt. Cairo claimed that 500 civilians were killed in air and artillery attacks on Port Said. Along the coast, meanwhile, missile boats of the Israeli and Syrian navies fought several battles around Latakia and Tartus. The Israelis claimed that their Gabriel missiles had sunk eleven Syrian vessels in the course of four engagements. The Syrians said that they had destroyed eleven Israeli boats.

The aerial bombings introduced a new and alarming note into the battle. Blackouts were imposed on cities on both sides. In Jerusalem, lights that had illuminated the Wailing Wall since it was taken from Jordan six years ago went out, along with the golden spotlights that were erected by Israel to shine on the walls of the Old City. At the Wailing Wall, the Torah was removed to

safety. But the Arabs did not retaliate against Israeli cities during the first week of combat.

In the days ahead, Israel faced fateful decisions and fierce fighting. Despite the heavy casualties to be expected from an attempt to crush the Arab units on the northern front and rout the Egyptians from the Sinai, and with no clear military necessity to do so, Israel may feel it can do no less. As long as the Egyptians remained on the east bank of the canal, Israel faced the threat of fighting long into the future. It also had to worry whether the Arabs would misinterpret an Israeli decision not to drive the Egyptians from the Sinai. The Arabs could conclude that Israel was too weak for the task, encouraging Arab hawks to try to capture more ground.

Whichever way the Israelis resolve their dilemma, it will not be a satisfying solution. Israel has consistently said it would not settle for anything less than restoration of the cease-fire lines that were in force before the recent fighting started. But in a weekend press conference, Golda Meir seemed to leave open the door to negotiations. "When we hear a suggestion for a cease-fire," she said, "the government will seriously deal with it." Without a cease-fire, Israel must align its strategy to produce a short war—certainly shorter than six weeks. Israel is simply not geared for a long war. It does not have the manpower or the resources. Israelis are already the most heavily taxed people in the world, and Finance Minister Pinhas Sapir has estimated that the current fighting will cost them perhaps another \$250 million a day. Surtaxes must therefore go up. An Arab observer expressed last week to TIME Correspondent Karsten Prager in Beirut what was undoubtedly on many minds. Israeli as well as Arab: "What if Israel wins the battle and bleeds herself dry in the process—won't she eventually lose the war?"

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Hofí admitted that there was still some disarray remaining from the original retreat and that some soldiers had not yet found their units. While the ultimate strategy will be determined in Tel Aviv, Hofí insisted that, "we must bring them to a point which will not produce a cease-fire but a surrender." Air Force Major General Mordechai Hod agreed: "This time we must force them to the peace table. How much we will have to punish them to achieve this is unclear at this point."

From the Suez front, Jordan Bonfante reported

Driving south to the Sinai along a road built before the Romans came to Egypt, we found virtually all traffic going one way—toward the Suez Canal. Among the endless convoys of military trucks and Jeeps were the motley fleets of civilian vehicles mobilized for the war. In the first days of the fighting, Tel Aviv had been nearly emptied of all taxis and trucks—and here in the desert you could see why. Private delivery vans, called up in the mobilization, were now at the front, still bearing the markings of the milk or bread companies that they served in peacetime.

Many Israeli soldiers joined their units after traveling either by taxi or by hitchhiking. At midweek, some of the men were still wearing half-civilian clothing. Their khaki shirts and jackets clashed sharply with their more stylish slacks and patterned socks. At villages along the road, groups of teen-agers—some of them Americans visiting Israel—had set up refreshment stands and were offering coffee to the troops.

As we arrived at a camp near the front, air-raid sirens suddenly wailed, and troops scrambled to the alert, grab-

EGYPTIAN ARMORED VEHICLE CROSSING BRIDGE OVER SUEZ CANAL

EYEWITNESSES

A Tale of Two Battle Fronts

To assess the war in the Golan Heights and the Sinai Peninsula, *TIME* correspondents joined Israeli troops on both fronts

From the Golan Heights, William Marmon reported

This area is a strategic imperative for both Israel and Syria. When Syria holds the Heights, it threatens the fertile Israeli settlements in the upper Galilee region. When the Israelis hold it, they have a flat, unimpeded access to Damascus, only 40 miles away. In this war, the Golan witnessed some of the bloodiest combat ever waged in the Middle East. When we drove our orange Volkswagen into the area, we at first passed the rusting tanks of the 1967 war. Soon we encountered freshly destroyed tanks, Syrian and Israeli.

Just south of the Syrian border, incoming shelling forced us to turn into a base that had been overrun by the Syrians on Yom Kippur and retaken later by Israel. Syrian artillery and tank fire had left gaping holes in the concrete barracks, where clothing, boots and *Playboy* foldouts lay under the debris. The hospital was filled with injured Israeli soldiers. Surviving members of the base's original defenders were returning, still stunned by the Syrian attack. One said: "I can't begin to absorb what I have seen." Another bitterly remarked: "Our government was idiotic not to attack first. We have suffered too much just to placate world opinion [by not launching a pre-emptive strike]."

The base synagogue had been desecrated by the Syrians on Yom Kippur. Torahs and prayer books were ripped apart and riddled by bullets. But the Israelis had already installed a new set of Torahs and were distributing leaflets

from the chief military rabbi instructing them that on Thursday's and Friday's holiday of Sukkoth—a normally joyous celebration of a bountiful harvest—the soldiers were to pray for the army.

Despite the destruction and chaos, the Israelis seemed confident. The command post was re-established in a bunker, and fresh soldiers were pouring in. Golan Heights Commander Major General Yitzhak ("Khaka") Hofí assured us: "Our forces are essentially in a mopping-up operation. The Syrians committed their entire armored force. They wanted to take the Golan and move on to Haifa."

ISRAELI SOLDIERS IN VILLAGE OF BANIYAS, EL QUNEITRA, SHELLED BY SYRIANS



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bing for helmets and ducking for cover. The camp had been strafed by MIGs early in the fighting. Nearby elements were already being hit by Egyptian artillery. The first thing we were told was, "There is a bunker not far from here if the bombing starts." At an observation bunker, a young lieutenant with curly hair squinted anxiously at the sky and chattered into his field telephone.

We talked with a noncommissioned officer nearby who had just returned from the canal. A grizzled oldtimer in his 50s, fighting his fourth war against the Arabs, he seemed to take the emergency in stride. "The Egyptians have much better equipment than ever before," he said. "It is helping them fight better than I have ever seen them." Then he laughingly motioned toward a young officer and exclaimed: "That kid was not even born when I was fighting in the 1948 war. Now I'm taking orders from him!"

Ahead of the field headquarters was flat and absolutely barren terrain interrupted at the horizon with moonshape ridges. In the distance, Israeli tank formations rolled across the windless desert, raising long trails of stagnant dust. Helicopters with dangling cargoes flittered back and forth. High overhead, delta-winged jets streaked toward the west, and to the north, the tree-shaped smoke of shellbursts rose from a ridge.

As we headed farther west, getting closer to the canal, we encountered clusters of tanks stopped by the roadside, their crews relaxing. Some of the low-slung Patton and big Centurions were waiting to advance. Others were serving as a defense against possible Egyptian commando leapfrog raids behind Israeli lines. Those Israelis who had al-

ready been in battle were telling fearful tales about some of Egypt's new Soviet-supplied weapons, especially the SA-6 missile, which has taken a devastating toll of Israeli jets. These soldiers also spoke with respect of the new Russian-made antitank weapon.

Nonetheless, the Israelis exuded confidence, some of which bordered on the fanciful. For example, when noting

the enormous concentration of Egyptian tanks and troops on the east bank of the Suez Canal, one Israeli officer remarked: "I'm not sure that tactically we didn't want them to come across, since our ultimate objective is to demolish their military machine." Yet by the end of the week, that development was far off. In Sinai, the Israelis had still to deliver a victorious counterattack.

INTELLIGENCE

Missing the Arabs' War Signals

The early battlefield reports streaming from the fronts into the military headquarters in Egypt and Syria seemed too good to be true: light Israeli resistance at the Suez Canal and in the Golan Heights; Israeli reserves not mobilized; Israel's general population relaxed and praying in the synagogues. Yet the reports were accurate. The Arabs had accomplished what conventional wisdom had long insisted was nearly impossible—a surprise attack on Israel.

The Arab onslaught, to be sure, was no Pearl Harbor. Israel's intelligence agents alerted the government several days before the invasion that the Arabs planned to attack. Israel's aircraft were not caught on the ground nor were its front-line troops dozing. In the weeks before Yom Kippur, Israeli intelligence had carefully monitored the buildup of Egyptian and Syrian troops. Yet Israel's intelligence organization, which won world respect with its almost uncanny ability to uncover Arab plans over the years and whose officials boasted that "Israeli intelligence is the best in the world," obviously failed for weeks to evaluate properly the information that it had gathered.

Military intelligence was aware that Egypt was increasing its troop strength along the canal, but it tended to accept Egyptian announcements that the buildup was a military maneuver. The Egy-

tians had held such maneuvers for the past ten years; there was no indication that this year was any different. Moreover, Cairo gave no hint of anything unusual. There were no air-raid drills, no stockpiling of matériel and no rhetoric aimed at preparing the Egyptian public for war. When Syria moved its troops ten miles forward from its secondary line to the 1967 Golan Heights cease-fire line in the hours before the attack, Israeli intelligence officers first interpreted it as a normal rotation of units.

Sadat's Smokescreen. Diplomatically, there was no indication that the Arabs had finally decided to invade; in fact, quite the reverse. Egypt's President Anwar Sadat had been openly telling visiting Western diplomats that the Arabs could not possibly win a war against Israel. His well-publicized fence-mending operation with Saudi Arabia's conservative King Feisal, his urging that Arab oil be used as a long-range commercial and diplomatic weapon against Israel, and the slight rebuke he gave Libya's hawkish strongman Colonel Muammar Gaddafi by delaying the proposed merger of Egypt and Libya—all these acts implied that Sadat was not thinking about imminent war.

American officials detected the Arab buildup in satellite spy photos and expressed some alarm, but Israel discounted the danger. Explained one U.S.

ISRAELIS RAISING FLAG IN SYRIA



EGYPTIAN TROOPS PLACING FLAG ON BAR-LEV LINE EAST OF SUEZ CANAL



intelligence expert: "The Israelis are right there, and they should know. This time they did not read the signals right." By last week an Israeli Foreign Ministry official privately admitted that, "what was coming out of Cairo was a smokescreen. What Sadat was trying to do was obvious—lull us into a security that was not there." But Israel also helped lull itself into a sense of false security. Since the devastating victory over Egypt, Syria and Jordan in the Six-Day War, Israel's political and military leaders have evinced a confidence that may have become self-deluding. They discounted the Arabs' ability to keep military secrets, to mobilize quickly, to supply troops in the field, or to coordinate a two-front attack. Israel assumed that in any future battle the Arabs would turn and run as they had in 1967.

Even if Israel had been more alarmed, however, its options were limited. During the week before Yom Kippur, at a cabinet meeting called to discuss the Arab build-up, Defense Minister Moshe Dayan urged that Israel begin mobilization. That would have been a first step toward Israel's launching a pre-emptive first strike against the Arabs. The U.S. government opposed such a move, as did Israeli Prime Minister Golda Meir and Finance Minister Pinhas Sapir. They were wary of Dayan's aggressive plan because they concluded that such an attack would infuriate world opinion, leaving Israel open to charges that it started the war. They also reasoned that Israel could hardly afford to mobilize each time the Arabs increase their strength along the frontier. If Israel mobilized in response to every Arab move, the Arabs would have the nation on a yo-yo, feinting buildup after buildup merely to wear Israel down. Intelligence analysts, moreover, still could not say with certainty that the Arabs would attack. Thus the Cabinet voted down Dayan's call for mobilization and a first strike against the Arabs.

Week Since. In the week since the attack, Israelis have been arguing among themselves about the wisdom of not attacking first. The *Jerusalem Post*, not ordinarily a critic of the Meir Cabinet, editorialized: "If Israel decided against a pre-emptive attack, giving the Egyptians and Syrians the combat initiative, this is not an exercise that the nation will want to repeat for many years."

To avoid repeating it, Israel will probably overhaul much of its intelligence apparatus in the hope of getting a more accurate evaluation of the Arabs' intentions in the future. As an immediate measure, Major General Aharon Yariv, who headed Israeli intelligence when it masterminded the 1967 strikes against Egypt's airfields, has been appointed a special adviser to Israel's Chief of Staff David Elazar. The tough, cunning Yariv angrily remarked that while Israel held back "in order to demonstrate its desire for peace, we did not expect to be penalized for it."

THE ARABS

"The World Will No Longer Laugh"

Whether the Arab attack on Israeli-held territory is ultimately successful or not, it has already shattered the myth that Arabs are militarily impotent. As one Arab journalist put it: "It doesn't matter if the Israelis eventually counterattack and drive us back. What matters is that the world now no longer will laugh at us when we threaten to fight. No longer will it dismiss our threats as a lot of bluff and bluster. It will have to take us seriously." Arabs round the world last week felt that they had finally shed their image as a people who could not and would not fight, an image that had grown out of the dismal defeats at the hands of Israel over the past 25 years. At last, Arabs felt, their *sharaf* (honor) had been restored. "Even if

she visited wounded soldiers in Cairo's hospitals and donated blood to the Red Crescent, the Moslem equivalent of the Red Cross. After listening to a broadcast in which Israel claimed to have knocked out 800 Syrian tanks while the Syrians claimed only 25 Israeli tanks, an Arab diplomat remarked: "You see how the Israelis exaggerate? Our side is cool and realistic, while they make all those ridiculous claims." Said a Beirut businessman: "This week, if I happened to be traveling through Europe, I wouldn't be ashamed of telling people I am an Arab."

Certainly, the low-keyed communique coming out of Cairo and, to a lesser degree, out of Damascus were a far cry from 1967, when Gamal Abdel Nas-



PRESIDENT SADAT'S WIFE COMFORTING WOUNDED EGYPTIAN SOLDIER
Cool and realistic, with a tight leash on the propagandists.

we lose the war," exulted one Arab. "We have won."

It was sweet revenge for years of suffering humiliating gibes from Jews and others. Arabs had been mercilessly held up to contempt for their wretched showing in the Six-Day War, when their troops broke and ran from the advancing Israelis. The public scorn, humiliation—and self-contempt—rankled, leaving behind smoldering hatred for Israel and a lust for revenge. Among sensitive Arabs the public shame of their defeats was as bitter as the loss of territory. Pride looms large in the Arab psyche; its loss is an intolerable affront.

Arabs last week were proud not only of their armies' telling punches in the latest round of the Middle East war, but of their own relative maturity and realism. That new attitude was typified by Egypt's first lady, Mrs. Gehan Sadat, as

ser's propaganda machine falsely boasted that Egypt had destroyed the Israeli air force. This time there was no talk of driving Israel into the sea or excessive predictions of sweeping victory. Egyptian President Anwar Sadat clearly was not about to repeat the Arabs' mistakes of the past: he kept a tight leash on his propagandists.

While the desire to remove the humiliation of past defeats played an important role in the Arabs' decision to attack Israel, there were more down-to-earth reasons as well. "No Egyptian government can accept permanent occupation of the Sinai, and it became apparent to Egypt that Israel could not be removed from the Sinai by negotiations," explains David G. Nes, former deputy chief of the U.S. mission in Cairo. "The steps taken by Israel to establish settlement and exploit the oil in the Sinai con-

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vinced the Egyptians that if the stalemate was to be broken it would have to be through military action." By breaking the impasse militarily, the Egyptians hoped to create "the chance of international intervention to help Egyptian objectives of total Israeli withdrawal."

Political Scientist Malcolm Kerr concurs. "The Egyptians are in a box. As they see it, the United States has let them down numerous times; it sold out to the Jews long ago. Russia let them down. They haven't had much support from any of the great powers. Yet they feel—and they are right—that they are supported by most countries of the world, as measured in the United Nations. So they don't feel they owe the world a damn thing. They have nothing to be ashamed of. They feel they're liberating Egypt the way the French liberated their country in 1944."

No Hope. One by one, the alternatives were explored by the Arabs, who concluded that there was no hope—except through concessions they found unacceptable. Secretary of State William Rogers' peace initiative in 1970 aroused hopes of a negotiated peace the Arabs could live with, but it foundered when President Nixon publicly undercut the plan. At the suggestion of Saudi Arabia's King Feisal, Sadat expelled Russian military advisers from Egypt last year, but the backing he hoped to reap from the U.S. never materialized. U.S. and Soviet moves toward détente seemed to the Arabs to limit the possibilities for diplomatic action, since the superpowers gave every indication of being satisfied with the status quo.

The fact that the cease-fire was proving to be very profitable for the Israelis was particularly galling. Observes William Polk, director of the Adlai Stevenson Institute of International Affairs: "Arabs from Gaza and the West Bank

poured into Israel daily to perform the chores, like the Turks in Germany and the Pakistanis in England, that Israelis preferred not to do; tourism was increasing; massive American private and governmental support was forthcoming; the economy was not only booming, with a growth rate comparable to Japan's, but Israel was rapidly becoming self-sufficient even in armaments."

Several other factors appear to have brought to a head the Arabs' decision to attack. One was the rumor that Israel and the Soviet Union were about to exchange ambassadors, which would have meant a further decrease in Arab influence among the big powers. Another was the belief among Egyptians that newly appointed Secretary of State Henry Kissinger would present a peace plan that would put insurmountable pressures on them. Another theory making the rounds in Cairo held that Kissinger might persuade Israel to resume fighting to produce a crisis conducive to negotiations, which the Arabs feared would permanently place in Israeli hands the territories occupied in 1967.

Not the least of the considerations was the sense of frustration in Egypt itself, particularly in the huge, idle Egyptian army, which, as one observer put it, was "sitting on the canal, trapping sand flies." Sadat could not hold off critics who questioned his credibility much longer. He either had to act or face increased criticism at home that could possibly have led to his downfall.

Arabs were betting last week that Sadat's gamble would pay off and that even if he loses on the battlefield he will survive in power. Said an Egyptian diplomat: "We have proven to ourselves that we are capable of meeting the challenge and of paying the price. We are beginning to learn. This time we are a little bit better."

DIPLOMACY

Fear for Détente Small Hope for A Settlement

The Middle East war carried with it the distressing potential to damage or even destroy the superpowers' recent progress toward détente. Neither the U.S. nor the Soviet Union wanted this to happen, and both seemed determined last week to guard against it. But Washington and Moscow have obligations in the Middle East, and the fear persisted that through a fluke or miscalculation they could be reluctantly drawn into confrontation.

In marked contrast to the 1967 war, both Moscow and Washington initially went out of their way to avoid confrontation. The Russians did not assert that Israel had fired the first shot in the renewed fighting. Although they excoriated Israel as the aggressor in a general sense and, of course, denounced Israeli bombing of the Soviet Culture Center in Damascus, the polemics were relatively restrained. For its part, the U.S. appeared determined to be calm and polite. Said Secretary of State Henry Kissinger: "We do not consider that Soviet actions as of now threaten détente." In fact, he said, Soviet behavior, while not "helpful," has so far been "less provocative, less incendiary and less geared to military threats" than during the Six-Day War.

Privately, there were misgivings. The Soviets, through their advisers in Syria, may well have known about the Arabs' design for war. In the spirit of détente, should not Russia have alerted

DAYAN QUAVERING IN ARAB CARTOON & WONDERING HOW BAD THE VIEW WOULD BE WITH TWO EYES



the U.S. about a crisis that could conceivably lead to global war? Again Kissinger publicly forgave the Russians, suggesting that this sort of big-power cooperation was too much to expect during the fragile infant stages of détente.

In the early hours of the fighting, President Richard Nixon and Soviet Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev exchanged private messages, but carefully refrained from using the hot line in order to avoid the appearance of crisis. Later, Washington noted with satisfaction that Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko waited three days before granting a meeting requested by five Arab ambassadors in Moscow—a clear indication to Washington that the Soviets were not overly anxious to abandon détente in favor of the Arab cause.

By midweek, no doubt encouraged by the Arabs' unexpected combat prowess, Brezhnev sent messages to Arab leaders asking them to give "the greatest possible support" to Egypt and Syria. The two countries, he told Algerian President Houari Boumedienne, "must not remain alone in their struggle against a perfidious enemy" and urged him to contribute Algerian combat experience. Arabs read this as both a militant exhortation and a cautionary note urging self-reliance.

More serious were reports that a growing number of Soviet AN-12 and AN-22 transports were airlifting supplies—ammunition, antitank missiles and surface-to-air missiles—to Syria. "If this turns out to be a massive airlift," said State Department Spokesman Robert McCloskey with exquisite delicacy, "it would tend to put a new face on the situation." Soon after, the U.S. admitted that it had begun to ship ammunition and missiles to the Israelis.

Grave Consequences. By week's end Soviet policy was noticeably hardening. Reacting to the reports of Israeli strikes on a Soviet ship, *Pravda* warned that grave consequences for Israel could result from Russian casualties. The Soviets were also unhappy with President Nixon's vice-presidential nomination of Representative Gerald Ford, whom they know to be a strong supporter of Israel. But, on balance, U.S. officials concluded that Soviet policy still reflected caution. Commented one White House official: "The real test will come when the Arabs are doing badly and the Soviets have to decide what to do."

The Middle East fighting tended to strengthen the Administration's case against the Jackson amendment, which is aimed at withholding most-favored-nation trade status from the Soviet Union until it permits the free emigration of its Jewish—as well as other—citizens. The Administration argues that whatever leverage the U.S. has over Russia should be used in major international situations, such as bringing about a Middle East settlement, rather than expended on matters of Soviet domestic policy, no matter how humanitarian that concern. In an address be-



"Going up wasn't bad, I wonder what (ulp)..."

fore a seminar sponsored by the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions. Secretary of State Kissinger eloquently detailed the Administration's position.

"Until recently," Kissinger declared, "the goals of détente were not an issue. But now progress has been made and already taken for granted. We are engaged in an intensive debate on whether we should make changes in Soviet society a precondition for further progress or indeed for following through on commitments already made." He asked: "How hard can we press without provoking the Soviet leadership into returning to practices in its foreign policy that increase international tension? Are we ready to face the crisis and increased defense budget that a return to cold-war conditions would spawn?"

A prolonged war most likely would force a terrible—and probably insoluble—problem upon U.S. diplomacy: how to maintain a lifeline of aid to Israel while avoiding even deeper alienation of the Arab world and growing conflict with Russia. The Administration was already under pressure to step up its aid. Senator Henry Jackson had already urged the delivery of Phantom jets and other arms to Israel. Failing this, said Jackson, Kissinger should explain why the U.S. was "withholding the means of self-defense from a friend at war." Actually, given restraint on both sides, such aid need not jeopardize relations between the U.S. and the Soviet Union: by joint agreement both sides could limit their resupply to a one-for-one replacement ratio, much as the U.S. has done with North Viet Nam.

Also troubling is the problem of oil blackmail by the Arabs. The Arabs are almost certain to make the U.S. the scapegoat for any Israeli military successes. The oil-producing Arab states now have both the wealth and the will to punish the U.S. by shutting off oil supplies. Only 7% of the oil consumed in

the U.S. presently comes from the Middle East, though that figure is expected to rise to as high as 50% by the 1980s. Much of the talk about oil may well be bluff, but the U.S. can no longer afford to ignore it.

No matter how much the superpowers desired détente, the fighting in the Middle East increasingly imposed itself. The options open to Washington and Moscow were limited. For the moment, the Administration contented itself with two modest goals: a cease-fire and the creation of an atmosphere that would permit negotiations. But it had little hope that either proposal would be accepted by the combatants as long as the war continued.

Even Tougher. The Israelis, shaken by the Yom Kippur attack, appeared in no mood to talk about a compromise; if anything, Israel may now take a harder stand than ever against the return of the occupied territories. There was widespread resentment in Israel that the government of Prime Minister Golda Meir had failed to launch a pre-emptive strike against the Arabs, despite the fact that intelligence analysts knew about the Arab buildup (though they misinterpreted its significance). That resentment could translate itself into ballots, bringing an even tougher, more obdurate government to power.

Another possibility, however, is that, beyond the immediate outcome of the war, the shock of last week may persuade growing numbers of Israelis that their security cannot be built on arms and control of territory. The fact is that they are badly outnumbered by the Arabs, who cannot be expected to remain technically inferior forever. Israel's security, as many Arabs and Americans have long argued, rests on accommodation with the Arab states. That inevitably must mean territorial and other concessions by both Israel and the Arabs.

There is always the chance, of

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course, that a taste of success in the current war will make the Arabs more unappeasable. A more hopeful view is that henceforth they will be more ready to negotiate. Neither the Egyptians nor the Syrians talk any longer about driving Israel into the sea. In fact, Egyptian President Anwar Sadat declared recently: "I am prepared to accept Israel as a state in the Middle East, but not as a new Ottoman Empire." The official position of the Arabs in the struggle is that they are fighting for the return of the territories they lost in the 1967 war. Some Arab observers believe that the period immediately after the end of hostilities may prove to be a fruitful moment for negotiations. The Arabs feel that they have already scored a victory by showing the world that they dared to attack Israel and have held their own. Now that their honor has been retrieved, they might agree to forgo the battlefield for face-to-face discussions. Yet the Israelis can hardly overlook the fact that while Egypt talked of accommodation it secretly prepared for the war.

U.S. observers speculate that the aim of the Arab attack was to regain honor and some territory and then accept an in-place cease-fire decreed by the U.N. If the Israelis continued to fight, that would leave them condemned by the U.N.—a propaganda victory for the Arabs and a slap at the Israelis.

Joint Guarantees. One possible solution would be a formula that calls for joint U.S.-Soviet guarantees to Israel of its pre-1967 borders (plus the Golan Heights, which are vital to Israel's defenses), demilitarization of the Sinai and some sort of compromise on the sovereignty of Jerusalem.

The Palestinian problem could be settled by adopting 1) King Hussein's proposal that the West Bank be turned into a semiautonomous region federated with Jordan; or 2) Tunisian President Habib Bourguiba's plan for turning Jordan and the West Bank into one country, "Palestine," and making it a homeland for Palestinian refugees, who already constitute a majority of the region's population. Such a settlement would now seem to be unacceptable to both sides, but in the aftermath of repeated wars, one or the other may have to do some hard rethinking.

Nobody in Washington was proposing terms to the Israelis—let alone the Arabs—last week. Instead, Kissinger put in 20-hour work days, mostly on the telephone, trying to enlist the support of other countries in working out a cease-fire. The U.S. called for the U.N. Security Council to convene, but Kissinger was unable to build a consensus among the permanent members of the Council—or the warring parties—for a resolution aimed at stopping the fighting. As the week passed without significant progress, Kissinger was obliged to cancel a quick trip to London and Bonn; like détente, "the Year of Europe" remains one of his highest priorities, but for the moment it will have to wait.

ARGENTINA

Prudence over Pomp

When he first ruled Argentina, Juan Perón doted on Latin pomp and dictatorial ceremony. Thus it might have been expected that his inauguration as President last week, after nearly 18 years of exile, would be celebrated with triumphal parades and week-long fiestas. Instead, Perón, 78, and his Vice President, Wife Isabella, 42, took office with military efficiency—and security.

Though Perón was escorted to the National Congress by the traditional cavalry escort in 19th century uniforms, truckloads of troops in 20th century battle dress were interspersed among the

"The only symbol that will be carried is the national flag, as a sign of national unity and a call to the greatness of Argentina's power." As a further safeguard, the police had installed immovable steel barriers in drilled holes in the pavement surrounding the palace.

Perón told the crowd: "I shall use my last breath serving the interest of the country and asking you to help me carry this responsibility. As I did in the past, every May Day I will meet with the people right here to find out if you are satisfied with our government." Then, after a final wave, he mentioned what is his real worry. "And as also has been customary," he said, "I ask you to disperse quietly and in order." The question is: When will he feel secure enough



PERÓN DRESSED IN GENERAL'S UNIFORM BEING SWORN IN AS PRESIDENT
Tears, bodyguards, steel barriers and a crowd frisked for weapons.

horses. Running alongside the presidential limousine were at least a dozen bodyguards, covering every inch of the car. As he took the oath before a crammed joint session of Congress, Perón was visibly moved. His hand shook, and he quickly sat down afterward to wipe away his tears with a handkerchief.

After he was sworn in, *el Líder* and his conjugal Vice President went to the Casa Rosada (the Pink House), where he received the presidential sash and the baton of office. He then greeted the crowd from the glass-enclosed, bullet-proof balcony overlooking the Plaza de Mayo, Buenos Aires' main square. The government had taken extraordinary precautions to ensure a peaceful transfer of power.

The 100,000 people who crowded the plaza were frisked before they were let into the square—and frisked again if they tried to leave their assigned areas. Participants were instructed on what they could carry and what they could say. "Placards and banners identifying factions or political tendencies may not be shown," read one official instruction.

to meet the people without having them frisked first?

Argentina today is more tense, more lawless than it was when Perón was bidding his time in exile in Madrid. Almost daily the country is racked by a new assassination, kidnapping, riot or strike. Since the Perón regime began with a hand-picked surrogate last May, more than 15 leading members of Perón's own Justicialist Party have been brutally murdered. Only last month José Rucci, one of Perón's closest associates and the head of the giant 3.1 million-member General Confederation of Labor, was riddled with 26 bullets. In the past two weeks, two other labor leaders were also murdered. Several of the assassinations have been followed by a strike of the victim's aggrieved followers. Rucci's death resulted in a 30-hour general strike that closed even airports and grocery stores. To protest the kidnapping of a bus-union leader, 300 bus drivers last week abandoned their vehicles in the Plaza de Mayo, creating the biggest traffic jam in the city's history.

Although much of the violence has

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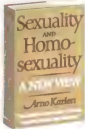
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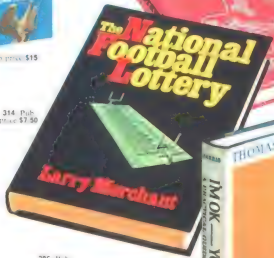


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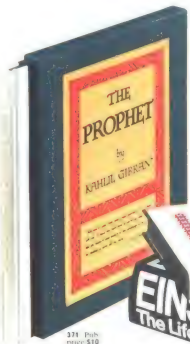
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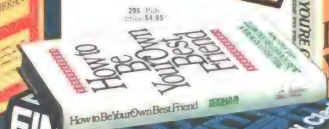
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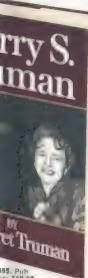


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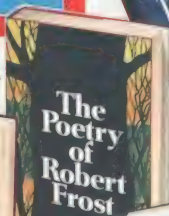
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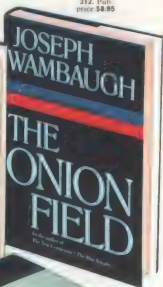
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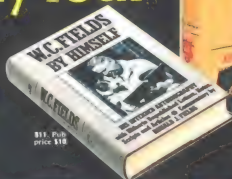
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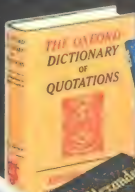
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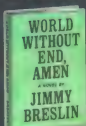
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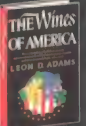
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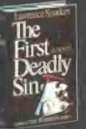
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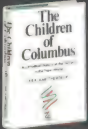
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been officially blamed on the Marxist-Leninist People's Revolutionary Army, many Argentines suspect unruly leftists in Perón's own movement. Perón has not publicly accused his leftists, who in fact played a large role in returning him to power. But he has issued orders for an all-out campaign against Marxists in general, not excluding those who call themselves Peronistas.

Despite the violence of the last few months, Perón's power over his countrymen remains extraordinary. Unpopular actions are blamed on others, and he is excused knowledge of them. His supporters fervently believe that once he sits in the President's chair, things will right themselves. Still, by trying to crack down on violent leftists, Perón obviously runs the risk of becoming a target himself.

Yet Perón's biggest concern may not be security but his health. Before he accepted his presidential nomination, doctors warned him that his heart could not stand the strain of four years in office. When Perón attended a gala performance of *Swan Lake* at the Teatro Colón on the night of his inauguration, newsmen noticed a specially equipped mobile heart unit parked outside.

SUMMITRY

Tanaka's Life Buoy

Japan's tough, wary Prime Minister Kakuei Tanaka was positively lyrical last week as he ended a four-day visit to Moscow. Addressing a farewell press conference, he declared: "Our relations with the Soviet Union can be compared with the smooth, calm flow of the Moscow River. The atmosphere of our talks was as sunny as the fine weather here this week." It was, of course, an exaggeration, but understandable in the circumstances. The atmosphere during the first three days of Tanaka's talks with Kremlin leaders had more closely re-

sembled a squall on the Black Sea. But on the last day Tanaka was buoyed by an important Soviet concession on some business left over from World War II.

The first Japanese Prime Minister to visit Moscow since 1956, Tanaka was primarily interested in discussing the return to Japanese control of four islands north of Hokkaido that were seized by the Soviets at the tail end of the war. Though small geographically (4,244 sq. mi.), the islands—Etorofu, Kunashiri, Shikotani and Habomai*—loom large politically. The Diet has been pressing Tanaka to assert Japan's rights to the islands. If Tanaka could arrange their return under a belated peace treaty with Russia formally ending World War II, it would be a major and much-needed personal triumph.

The Soviet Union, however, has been reluctant even to discuss the issue, fearing that any settlement might set a bad precedent in its dispute with China over territory along the Manchurian border. During the first rounds of Tanaka's negotiations in Moscow, it seemed that a dialogue of the deaf was in the making. While Soviet Party Leader Leonid Brezhnev expanded at length on specific opportunities for Japanese participation in Siberian development, Tanaka tenaciously stuck to the island issue.

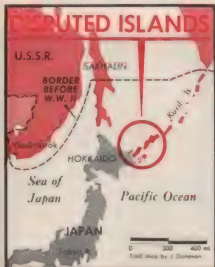
The impression of stalemate deepened when Brezhnev, presumably preoccupied by the Middle East crisis, failed to show up for a luncheon given by Tanaka. The deadlock persisted through more talks, often heated, with other Soviet officials. But just before Tanaka was scheduled to depart, the impasse was broken. An intentionally vague joint communiqué committed the Russians to

*Habomai actually consists of five tiny islands and adjoining reefs totaling less than 39 sq. mi.

continuing the discussions in 1974 for the purpose of signing a peace treaty and resolving "various outstanding questions left over since World War II." Though not mentioned specifically, the four disputed islands are clearly to be included.

That, of course, does not mean that the Soviets will ultimately give them back. But the communiqué marked the first time that the Kremlin had even admitted that they were a subject for discussion. For Tanaka, the concession, however small, resembled a life buoy. Not only had his Soviet visit started poorly, his preceding twelve-day journey through Europe had been somewhat less than exhilarating.

On visits to Paris, London and Bonn, Tanaka had been eager to show West Europeans that Japan is no longer content with its traditionally low diplomatic profile. As the world's second largest trading power, Japan wants to be involved in the shaping of new relationships between the European Economic Community and the U.S. But the Europeans were at best lukewarm toward Tanaka's visions of a "more balanced triangle." In Paris, the first stop on Tanaka's itinerary, Georges Pompidou agreed to send the *Mona Lisa* to Tokyo and to cooperate with Japan in a uranium enrichment project, but at the same time, he let it be known that Tanaka's dream of a larger political role for Japan in the West simply did not interest him. To many in Japan, it seemed that Tanaka had had the door slammed in his face, an impression that West German Chancellor Willy Brandt rather un diplomatically confirmed. Even before Tanaka arrived in Bonn, he summed up the German position by saying that "the tricornered hat has two corners only for the time being."



TANAKA WITH BREZHNEV IN MOSCOW





ANGELITA DRESSED TO KILL



All over the town of Higuera Real, the posters announced the appearance of Angelita, the first woman *torero* to fight in Spain since a 1908 law was passed limiting women to fighting from horseback. But **Angela Hernandez**, 24, got gored, metaphorically speaking, before she even entered a *corrida*. Although a Madrid labor court upheld Angelita's right to fight on foot, the Ministry of the Interior refused to grant her a license. Working her cape close to the horns of the dilemma as she trained on a bull ranch near Seville, Angelita exploded: "These damned men! What do they think they are doing? Women fly planes, fight wars and go on safaris; what's so different about fighting bulls?"

An odd couple. **Wilt** ("the Stilt") **Chamberlain**, 7 ft. 1 in., and Champion Jockey **Willie Shoemaker**, 4 ft. 11 in. But they have more in common than meets the eye. Little Willie told fellow roasters barbecuing Wilt on the *Dean Martin Show* to be shown Nov. 9. Born identical twins, said Shoemaker, "we both grew up to be riders." Only difference: "I ride horses. He rides referees."

The most poisonous pen on Broadway is wielded by Critic **John Simon**. Reviewing the new play *Nellie Toole & Co.* in *New York* magazine, Simon dipped into strychnine to describe the star, **Sylvia Miles**, 41, as "one of New York's leading party girls and gate-crashers." Streperous Sylvia, who was acclaimed as the prostitute in *Midnight Cowboy*, wasted no time talking back. Invited to the same New York Film Festival party as Simon, she piled her plate with *pâté*, steak tartare, brie and potato salad and dumped it over him. "Now you can call me a plate crasher too," she said. Spluttered the garnished critic: "I'll be sending you the cleaning bill for this

suit." Rejoined Sylvia: "It'll be the first time it's been cleaned." Fellow actors planned to organize a Sylvia Miles defense fund to pay Simon's cleaning bill—but on one condition. That Miles repeats the performance once a week.

Jean Cocteau said she had the head of a little black swan. "And," added **Colette**, "the heart of a little black bull." Caustic Couturière **Coco Chanel**, however, always had the last insult ("Colette preferred two grilled sausages to love; Cocteau was well bred. He had no talent, so he listened"). While stocking the modern woman's wardrobe (the little black dress, bell-bottoms, turtleneck sweaters and costume jewelry), Made-moiselle was also busy needing her friends, enemies, lovers and other contemporaries. Now Psychoanalyst Claude Baillen, a companion of her last years, has put together some of Coco's sharpest jabs in *Chanel Solitaire*, which was recently published in London.

On **Salvador Dalí**: "He wore a carnation behind his ear to take away the smell. He used to eat tins of sardines and put the oil on his hair."

On **Richard Burton**: "He looked at Liz with his mouth. He's working-class, you know; he stares at you as if he were taking your clothes off."

On **Jean Harlow**: "Always wagging her ass, looking for millionaires."

Beyond individuals, whole nations were condemned by Chanel dicta: "I don't like Italians. They're women dressed up as men."

"My nose!" cried Actor **Richard Chamberlain**, who gave up a promising TV medical career as Dr. Kildare when the series ended to risk *rigor mortis* on the classical stage (TIME, Nov. 16, 1970). Chamberlain was not referring to an injury but rehearsing his role as the proboscoid *Cyrano de Bergerac*. The nose

IDENTICAL TWINS WILT & WILLIE

SYLVIA SAYS A MOUTHFUL





RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN DISPLAYS ONE OF HIS EIGHT NEW NOSES

job is a work of art in itself: a piece of sponge rubber molded into an Olympic ski jump. Presumably, a supply of eight noses will last the six-week run of the play at Los Angeles' Ahmanson Theater. Chamberlain sacrificed his good looks gladly: "It's very freeing for an actor to cover his looks. You're much less self-conscious and able to be the character."

Harvard Square Theater was jammed for the first of the prestigious Charles Eliot Norton lectures. But lecture was not exactly the right word for it. Flamboyant Conductor-Composer **Leonard Bernstein** (Harvard, '39) offered instead a multimedia production of slides, film and sound on the subject "Whither Music?" There was also an unscheduled theatrical moment in the middle of a filmed performance of Bernstein conducting Mozart's *G-Minor Symphony*: a bomb threat emptied the auditorium. "I wouldn't have minded if the bomb-threat caller had only interrupted me," said Bernstein after the audience had filed back. "But to have interrupted Mozart was a sacrilege."

The mostly under-25 audience screamed, shrieked, applauded hysterically, and at concert's end, showered the stage with rose petals. As for the new pop idol, she obviously enjoyed being fallen in love with again. Circe-of-the-'30s **Marlene Dietrich**, 68, was electrifying the teeny-bopper circuit in Paris—with her husky-musky presence. Acknowledging her success with a third generation, Dietrich was wary of predicting a trend, saying only, "In France, I have the youngest, most enthusiastic audience in Europe."

"I could have run four more miles," puffed Dixiecrat Reb-publican **Strom Thurmond**, 70, as he finished well back in the pack celebrating National Jogging Day with a two-mile race around the Ellipse in Washington. Old Strom's belief in physical fitness is a Senate by-

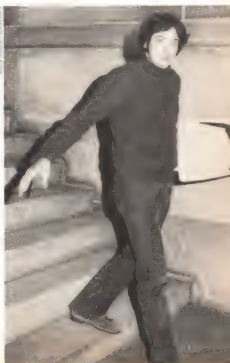
word predating even his 1970 marriage to his second wife Nancy. 26. Rising at 5:30 a.m., the South Carolina Senator jogs about three miles, then does fifteen minutes of calisthenics and follows up during the day with a turn or two with the barbells. Sometimes his colleagues are directly affected by his vigor: Thurmond holds the Senate filibuster record of 24 hours and 18 minutes, and in 1964 he angrily wrestled Texas Democrat Ralph Yarborough to the floor of a Senate corridor.

When Jonathan Livingston Seagull's creator **Richard Bach** sold the supergull to Hollywood, he believed he had ensured the movie's integrity. He thought his contract entitled him to write the script and to retain control over the finished film. Enter Producer-Director Hall Bartlett, who was so proud of his acquisition that he declared: "I was born to make this movie." Perhaps worried that someone might miss the message, Bartlett allegedly rewrote the dialogue: the result is Billygrahames. Asking for a preliminary injunction to prevent the new version of the movie from ever opening, Bach hopes to have a chance to revise the scriptures. Meanwhile he must be cursing himself for being so, well, gullible.

Marriage and fatherhood have, it seems, brought fresh frustrations to Angry Young Man **Tom Hayden**, 33. While Wife **Jane Fonda**, 35, emcees the singing, speeches and slides of a touring troupe campaigning against U.S. aid to South Viet Nam, Husband Tom does his own tour of duty taking care of their son, Troy, three months. When the group arrived at Wellesley College for a show, Tom and Troy established themselves behind the front lines: in a church basement. Surprised by a photographer as the family was leaving the campus, Hayden exploded, "You want trouble?" He momentarily raised above his head a threatening object, which turned out to be Troy's bassinet.



OLE STROM JUST KEEPS JOGGIN' ALONG



HAYDEN FINISHES HIS TOUR OF DUTY

Festival Days in New York

The New York Film Festival, held every year at Lincoln Center, continues to be the most prestigious and, not incidentally, the best of the half a dozen or so U.S. film festivals. In its eleventh year, the festival has settled into a definite personality: it is everyone's slightly eccentric, goodhearted aunt, the one who grooms herself in the arts and stages soirées that are unavoidable, a little silly but almost always pleasant.

As usual, this year's screenings—which concluded last week after a marathon 16 days—introduced a worthy film or two, surveyed what is currently interesting or chic on the Continent, and provided a temporary home for the outcasts. Best received were Truffaut's *Day for Night* (TIME, Oct. 15) and an American movie, Martin Scorsese's *Mean Streets*. The home team, indeed, was well represented this year by *Mean Streets*, Terrence Malick's *Badlands* (both to be reviewed separately when they are generally released) and James Frawley's *Kid Blue*, a funny, anarchic western released unsuccessfully last spring (TIME, May 14). Some notes on the other selections:

A DOLL'S HOUSE. Joseph Losey's version of the Ibsen classic is frosty and severe, embellished with several clumsy contemporary asides about the injustices heaped on women. It has the vigor and passion of commitment, however, and the cast is superb. Trevor Howard's Dr. Rank is gruffly tender; Delphine Seyrig's Kristine, a woman of tentative but dependable dignity; and Edward Fox's Krogstad, a figure of understandable desperation. David Warner makes Torvald into a complex, insidious but always human figure. It is a performance of the foremost skill and intelligence, and includes a quick moment—when, with meticulous condescension, he mimics Nora sewing—that is worth a gross of pamphlets and essays on sexism.

Jane Fonda represents the film's firmest break with tradition: a strong, defiantly contemporary Nora. Hers is not a thoroughly shaded interpretation—it is a little too direct and aggressive—but it is a great deal more interesting and closer to the mark than Claire Bloom's airy Nora, a stage performance recently translated to film (TIME, June 18). One thing Fonda manages well is the delicate transition behind the closed bedroom door. As in the play, we do not see Nora change, but when Fonda comes out again to confront Torvald and prepare to leave, the viewer feels he can calibrate the painful inches by which the decision has been reached. Her fire and intelligence cause all the melodrama in the moment to fall aside and reveal a hard truth.

JUST BEFORE NIGHTFALL is Director Claude Chabrol's cunningly engineered fable about a man (Michel Bouquet) who strangles his mistress and is slowly enveloped by guilt. He blurts out a confession to his wife, who understands; he tells his best friend, who is similarly sympathetic. The fact that his friend was also his mistress's husband only adds a little piquancy to the situation. Awash in forgiveness, the hapless killer has only one logical object for his mounting horror and self-loathing. His home, all glass and chrome and odd, abrupt angles, makes a suitably antiseptic moral landscape for the film, which is implacably smooth and elegant in the telling. Among Chabrol's finest work.

RÉJEANNE PADOVANI comes on strong as political allegory of an especially glum and trite variety. Denys Arcand, the di-

ten minutes. Then Straub cuts to a man in a toga discussing Caesar's personal and political history. Then back to the camera in the car for another long interlude. Things proceed like this for 87 minutes, which tries the patience and exhausts the eye. Whatever Straub was trying to establish about the continuity of ancient and modern history and the persistent threat of dictatorship remains largely academic.

LAND OF SILENCE AND DARKNESS is a sort of exercise in perverse anthropology by Werner Herzog, who, like Straub, is a representative of the avant-garde in the West German cinema and, again like Straub, is supported by the New York Film Festival as a sort of glorified charity case. *Land* is a documentary about a 56-year-old deaf and blind woman named Fini Straubinger. Herzog tracks Frau Straubinger as she tours homes and hospitals of the similarly afflicted, instructing, encouraging, dis-



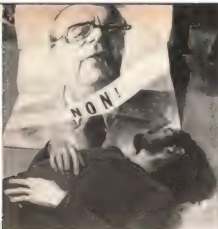
BOUQUET & VICTIM IN CLAUDE CHABROL'S *JUST BEFORE NIGHTFALL*

rector and co-writer, made the film (in French) in Toronto. It is all about corruption behind the construction of a local auto route and other matters of intractably insular interest.

HISTORY LESSONS, by contrast, at least has the virtue of audacity. This new work by West Germany's Jean-Marie Straub (*Chronicle of Anna Magdalene Bach*) has an explicit rhythm, fractured and languorous but slightly bizarre. *History Lessons* was adapted from Brecht's *The Affairs of Mr. Julius Caesar*. It opens with a sequence showing the view from behind the windshield of a car being driven through the back streets of Rome. The scene continues for approximately

pening small packets of courage and dignity. There is a great deal of tenderness in Frau Straubinger, but what seems to interest Herzog is the countless weird visual possibilities the handicapped offer. Their halting gestures, their grimaces, even their pain and embarrassment are all turned into a kind of absurdist visual ballet. Herzog dwells on them with an unmoved curiosity that has the chill of clinical condescension.

ANDREI RUBLEV, a stiffly statuesque exercise in Soviet formalism, concerns the 15th century icon painter and his reaction to the violence and horror of medieval Russia. The film festival program notes teasingly promised "naked pagan



POLITICAL VICTIM IN PADOVANI



JANE FONDA & DAVID WARNER IN JOSEPH LOSEY'S *A DOLL'S HOUSE*



PANIC IN *DISTANT THUNDER*

rites," which turn out to be a group skin-dipping and a near-naked girl jumping on and off a ladder. The movie makes several stabs at intimate spectacle, and at dealing with the situation of the artist caught in social chaos. Director Andrei Tarkovsky is ambitious but too literal; the movie has the decorum and approximately the same depth as *Dr. Zhivago*.

ILLUMINATIONS. There are certain preconceptions one almost inevitably has about a new Polish film: it will be grimly absurdist; it will root about in various existential cul-de-sacs; it will end on a point of pale irresolution. Not only does *Illuminations* confound each of

these notions; it almost entirely reverses them. A radiant film, it sifts through doubt and pain to make, finally, a statement of triumphant humanism.

Director-Scenarist Krzysztof Zanussi renews his well-worn theme—the search for direction and identity—through a superbly tempered style and sheer force of feeling. His hero (Stanislaw Lataloi) is a student of science who is baffled and intimidated by the intricacies of the natural order, stalled by doubt and fear of the mysteries that not only surround him but drive him.

Illuminations is not about answers but about learning to live without answers. Zanussi neatly and effectively gets across his hero's sense of total frustration and helplessness by engulfing us, documentary style, with the kind of data that so boggle him: scientific theories, religious orders, social patterns. With all this, though, *Illuminations* never becomes academic or detached. It is a difficult film, but not a dense one, precisely the sort of rich discovery that in itself could justify the whole film festival.

ISRAEL WHY is a three-hour-plus French documentary that explains very little but testifies to Director Claude Lanzmann's feeling of deep kinship with the country. Lanzmann is not, like Marcel Ophuls, a film essayist of strong and disturbing insight, and he is not an especially acute documentarian either. He has caught some moments of warmth, others of search and irresolution and precipitate fulfillment, but the question posed in the title remains unanswered.

THE BITTER TEARS OF PETRA VON KANT. A morose lesbian paces her apartment, suffering the inconstancy of her lover. Since she is a fashion designer by profession, there are a number of mannequins in the apartment, and it is the inspiration of Director-Writer R.W. Fassbinder to have his heroine come to look more and more like one of her dummies. The Platters, the Walker Brothers and Giuseppe Verdi furnish the music; the art director furnishes the flat—outside of which the movie never strays—and Fassbinder furnishes still another reason why West German movies are regarded with as much fond anticipation as major surgery.

DISTANT THUNDER. Satyajit Ray's movies all have the shimmering, unhurried feeling of a long, waning afternoon. This one, about the early years of World War II in Bengal and the beginnings of the 1943 famine, shows the grace and calm authority of his best work, as well as his ability to shape great themes into human drama without reducing them. Ray flirts with melodrama here, but *Distant Thunder* gathers a quiet force that makes most objections incidental. Better even than its treatment of the reality of poverty is the way Ray handles the subtle shifts it causes in his two main characters, a husband and wife of the Brahman caste. Their gradual and shocked awareness of the unifying desperation of tragedy gives *Distant Thunder* a piercing social immediacy.

THE MOTHER AND THE WHORE has been picked up for theatrical distribution in the U.S. That may be somewhat surprising, in view of its intimidating length (more than 3½ hours) and rigidly intimate scope: mostly three characters, a young man (Jean-Pierre Léaud), a young girl (Françoise Lebrun) and an older woman (Bernadette Lafont), toying with one another, taunting and seducing one another, finally vanquishing one another. The movie is direct and relentless, full of tough insight about the rites of what sometimes passes for love, and fierce in its final impact. Director Jean Eustache wrote the painstakingly accurate script and followed it exactly, though the movie has the flow and spontaneous immediacy of improvisation. Altogether, not a film to rouse a distributor's curiosity, but its impact cannot easily be missed or forgotten by anyone. A bold, unsparing and valuable work.

■ Jay Cocks

The Animal Watchers

In a surprise move last week, Sweden's Karolinska Institutet awarded the Nobel Prize in Physiology or Medicine—which usually goes to researchers in disease or laboratory science—to three behavioral scientists: Karl von Frisch, 86, Konrad Lorenz, 69, and Nikolaas Tinbergen, 66. They will share \$120,000 in prize money and the satisfaction of seeing ethology, the scientific field which they virtually created, recognized by the highest of academic accolades.

Ethology, the study of animal behavior and its relationships to man, may

on the subject. *The Dancing Bees*, Von Frisch went on to publish *Man and the Living World* (1936), an ethological survey of the life sciences. It ranges from behaviorist speculations on the cause of man's relatively weak sense of smell (since man stands upright, his nose is too far from the ground to follow spoors any more) to the fact that calluses on the feet are inherited.

With less experimental finesse, perhaps, but with greater intellectual capacity, another Viennese, Konrad Lorenz, began his studies of ducks and a gaggle of other animals in early childhood. Since then, in Austria and, after 1951, at the Max Planck Institute of Behavioral Physiology near Munich, he confirmed that his animal subjects inherited certain instincts, but that other kinds of behavior are learned or "imprinted." The newborn duckling will be imprinted to follow the first moving object it sees, whether it is its mother, a cardboard box or a balloon.

War and Violence. Later, Lorenz applied his insights into animal instinct and imprinting to man in a series of popular books, including *King Solomon's Ring* (1949) and *On Aggression* (1963). Perhaps his most controversial theory views animal and human aggression as an instinctive drive with a number of useful features. Aggression's ugly side—war and violence—will be selected out of human behavior by the evolutionary "power of human reason."

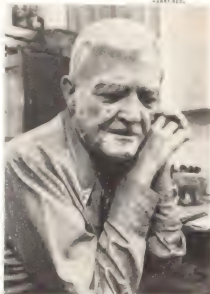
It is no accident that the problem of instinctive aggression has also preoccupied Oxford's Holland-born laureate, Nikolaas Tinbergen. He did postdoctoral research under Lorenz in Vienna in 1937. Known to a generation of awed students as a tireless stalker of gulls on windswept cliffs, Tinbergen is a master experimenter who has found ingenious ways to test his own and others' hypotheses. After many tedious years of studying the stickleback fish, he was able to delineate its patterns of fighting and courtship: the male builds an elaborate nest of water plants and lunges fiercely at any rival male that dares to enter its newly claimed territory. Tinbergen was able to prove that this behavior was rigidly instinctual. This knowledge was used by other researchers, including Desmond Morris (*The Naked Ape*, 1968), as a basis for investigating behavior in the higher mammals and in man, for, though human beings function less slavishly by instinct than sticklebacks, it is the contention of ethologists like Lorenz and Tinbergen that inherited behavior patterns, notably in aggression of rival males, are common to both fish and people.

On the other hand, ethologists are also leary of going too far with this kind of anthropomorphic thinking. Lorenz has said: "However much we may learn that is suggestive and instructive by

studying animal behavior, we must be careful how we apply these lessons when we interpret human behavior. For man is certainly an animal, but man, although identifiably a primate, is also a primate of a unique—and uniquely dangerous—species."

Svengali in Arizona

A shy, gap-toothed young woman arrives at the simple home of a doctor in Phoenix, Ariz. She says she is embarrassed about her teeth and bashful with men. Then, with sudden force and apparent malice, the doctor commands



ERICKSON IN HIS OFFICE
A bag of persuasive plays.

her to practice spouting water through her teeth until she is sure she can hit the young man who often meets her at the office watercooler. Soon after, the woman carries out her mission. The next day, the young man lies in wait for her with a water pistol. Eventually they marry. Her problem seems to have vanished magically.

This and many other oddly simple cures are credited to the foxy grandpa of American hypnotism, Milton H. Erickson. At 71, Erickson stands in the forefront of a revival of hypnotherapy—in eclipse since Freud rejected it as too superficial and impermanent. "Erickson is the most innovative practitioner of hypnosis since Mesmer," says Dr. Thomas Hackett, chief of the psychiatric consultation service at Massachusetts General Hospital. Although Erickson sometimes uses deep hypnotic trances to work his will on his psychiatric patients, he often limits himself to straightforward commands. He does not, however, explain the exact



LORENZ STUDYING GOOSE
Species in the same kingdom.

not be a household word, but its flashier discoveries, like male bonding and territoriality, have become common currency. Ethology did not begin with best-selling grandiose comparisons between the habits of men and apes. It started with years of painstaking observation of bees, fish and birds by the three prize-winners. It stems from the once unthinkable idea that men and beasts are species in the same animal kingdom and have comparable patterns of behavior.

An Austrian who did most of his research at the University of Munich, Karl von Frisch established after decades of observation that bees communicate with each other through a complicated, highly articulate language of dance. He found, for instance, that a bee returning from a source of honey near the hive will perform a "round" dance, but if the source is more than about 160 ft. away, he will "waggle" instead. When the scout bee steps forward during the waggle dance, it points the way to the source. Having written the classic book



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BEHAVIOR

psychological mechanism behind his cures.

Erickson's successes have been described in a new and hagiographic book, *Uncommon Therapy: the Psychiatric Techniques of Milton H. Erickson, M.D.* (Norton; \$8.95), written by Jay Haley, his longtime colleague and admirer. Haley shows how, out of hypnosis, Erickson has drawn a whole bag of ploys that persuade the patient to change himself rapidly. For example, a 250-lb. woman says she is "a plain, fat slob." Erickson takes over: "You are *not* a plain, fat, disgusting slob. You are the fattest, homeliest, most disgustingly horrible bucket of lard I have ever seen, and it is appalling to have to look at you." He continues insulting her—agreeing with her self-image and exaggerating it. The woman reduces to 140 lbs., finds work as a fashion artist and becomes engaged.

As a hypnotist, Erickson often reinforces his control over his subject by challenging him to wake up. For example, he might say: "I want you to try to open your eyes and find that you cannot." Similarly, performing therapy without hypnosis, Erickson will say: "I want you to go back and feel as badly as you did when you first came in with the problem, because I want you to see if there is anything from that time that you wish to recover and salvage." Thus, his directive to the patient to relapse actually prevents a relapse.

True Grit. Los Angeles Psychiatrist William Kroger credits Erickson with being one of the first to develop behavioral therapy, which tries to alter behavior patterns without dealing with the unconscious mind. But in addition to his hypnotic techniques, Erickson seems to affect patients through sheer force of personality. He is a man of true grit, who pulled himself through two attacks of polio (after the second, he hiked on canes in Arizona's Kofa Mountains).

He obviously had no trouble dominating the patients in the cases reported by Haley. Says one fellow therapist disapprovingly: "I had an ex-patient of his come to me; he had reduced her ego to nothing. He's a strong, powerful, charismatic man. The older he's got, the more authoritarian he's become." Psychiatrist Ira Glick of the school of medicine at the University of California in San Francisco says, moreover, that Erickson does not have a high standing among many therapists because "he has only described a few cases, and he never, never describes any failures."

Even though Erickson's practices and claims are sometimes called into question, many doctors give him credit for sticking with hypnosis at a time when it was considered merely a showman's trick. "Some types of disorders need a certain kind of therapist. Hypnosis is fine for those it helps," says Psychiatrist Jack Ewalt of the Harvard Medical School. In today's more open-minded approach to therapy, hypnosis—and its sister principle of strong suggestion—is again finding a place.



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Oriental and Alcohol

Upon being offered the traditional one for the road, a Japanese will more likely than not decline with a polite "Kao akaku naru" (My face will get red). If he does accept the drink, he may feel uncomfortable after downing it. In any event, he—like most Asians—will probably never become an alcoholic. That fact has long been a puzzle to hard-drinking Westerners. The difference is often explained away by Oriental cultural or social traditions, like the strong Chinese taboo against public drunkenness. But now a group at the University of North Carolina has given new weight to a more recent explanation: the East-West drinking disparity may be primarily caused by genetic differences.

To check earlier findings by Boston Psychiatrist Peter H. Wolff that Orientals blush more easily in response to al-

cohol than Westerners, the North Carolina team selected 48 test subjects, 24 Americans of European extraction and 24 Orientals, mostly Japanese, Chinese, Taiwanese and Koreans. All of them lived in central North Carolina, mostly around the college town of Chapel Hill, and were modest to moderate drinkers.

Head Pounding. The North Carolina team, led by Psychiatrist John Ewing, gave laboratory cocktails of ginger ale and ethyl alcohol, measuring the amount of alcohol so that each subject drank an amount proportionate to his body weight. The volunteers were then questioned and tested for two hours to gauge the effect of the cocktail. The tests revealed a striking difference. After drinking, the Westerners tended to feel relaxed, confident, alert and happy; the Orientals were more likely to experience muscle weakness, pounding in the head, dizziness and anxiety.

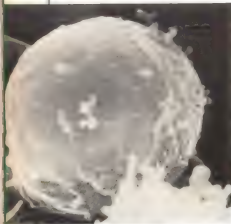
Other test results were equally conclusive. Seventeen of the 24 Orientals became deeply flushed, some within minutes of drinking; that was established visually and by a special device that records pulse pressure of the earlobe. Only three of the Westerners blushed, none as heavily. Blood pressure dropped more sharply and heartbeat quickened more in Orientals than in Westerners. In addition, the alcohol tended to produce a higher level of acetaldehyde, a chemical with anesthetic and antiseptic properties, in the blood of the Oriental subjects. Ewing suspects that the production of this chemical may be partly responsible for the disagreeable reaction that the Orientals experienced.

Ewing's conclusion: "The general level of discomfort in drinking small amounts of alcohol would seem to offer protection to many Orientals from over-using alcoholic beverages as a psychological escape mechanism." He suspects that genetic differences may also account for the drinking habits of other ethnic groups. To check his theory, the North Carolina team has begun carrying out similar tests on blacks, Jews and other groups that tend to use alcohol sparingly.

A Close Look at Lymphocytes



B-CELL WITH PROTRUSIONS



SMOOTH-SURFACED T-CELL

At first glance, they seem to be some kind of exotic aquatic life photographed against a background of seaweed. But the spherical creatures portrayed in the pictures taken by scientists from Manhattan's Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center and Rockefeller University swim not in the sea but in the human bloodstream. They are lymphocytes, cells that are essential parts of the immune system and protect the body against invasion by germs and other foreign matter. Magnified about 13,000 times by a scanning electron microscope, they reveal for the first time structural differences between the two kinds of lymphocytes.

The B-cells (*top*), which have about 150 finger-like protrusions on their surfaces, produce the antibodies that lock onto invading cells and other foreign bodies, making them more susceptible to scavenger cells. T-cells, which have only a handful of protrusions on their otherwise smooth surfaces, proliferate, flock to the site of an infection and attack the invaders directly, destroying them chemically.

Eventually, the physical differences between the two types of lymphocytes may help scientists determine how each performs its specific duties. For now, however, recognition of the physical difference gives doctors a potential new tool in diagnosing disease. In blood samples from healthy people, about 20% of the lymphocytes are B-cells, the remainder T-cells. The percentage changes in some ill people; in most chronic lymphocytic leukemia patients, for example, the majority of the cells are B-cells, a condition that can be now determined with speed and precision.

Death at Dinner

The executive on the phone to Manhattan Internist John Prutting was in a state of panic. His sister-in-law had suddenly leaped from the dinner table in his apartment. She was speechless, her hands were clutching at her chest, she was becoming faint and turning blue. What could he do? The symptoms were all too familiar to Prutting. He calmly advised his caller to lean the woman over a chair, pound her on the back and reach down her throat with his middle and index fingers to dislodge the obstruction. The doctor heard loud thumping sounds, and soon a relieved voice came back on the line. "It was only a piece of beef," said the executive. "She's fine now!"

The stricken woman was a victim of "food inhalation," an often fatal accident that is so often misdiagnosed as a heart attack that it has come to be called the café coronary. Partly as a result of these incorrect diagnoses, Florida Physicians William C. Eller and Roger K. Haugen report in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, choking on food is the sixth leading cause of accidental death in the country. Because, according to the National Safety Council, nearly 2,500 persons die while dining each year, the café coronary outranks aircraft accidents, firearms, lightning and snakebite as a cause of death.

The food most responsible for death by choking is steak, according to a study by the office of New York's chief med-

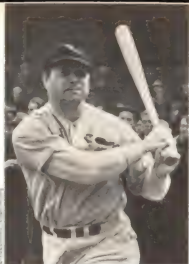
ical examiner: it accounts for some 90% of the fatalities. Other killers are lobster tail, hard-boiled eggs, clams, sausage, turkey and even bread. The sheer volume of the fatal mouthful is often breathtakingly large: the average chunk of food extracted from the windpipe of victims, Eller and Haugen say, is about the size of a cigarette pack; in one case, they report, the piece was over 7 in. long. The temptation to swallow such unmanageable amounts seems to be greatest among those with poor teeth or dentures, although a few drinks make eaters of any age more careless about their chewing. Alcohol also slows the normal gagging reaction, allowing food to lodge far down the windpipe, with often fatal results. The typical victim is over 50 years old and usually white.

Choke Saver. Food inhalation has been a killer for centuries—all the more reason, Eller and Haugen say, for modern doctors to be familiar with the symptoms. A son of the Roman Emperor Claudius I is said to have choked to death on a pear he tossed playfully into the air and then swallowed. More recently, Mrs. Joan Skakel, Ethel Kennedy's sister-in-law, died after inhaling a chunk of meat in 1967. T.V. Soong, the brother of Madame Chiang Kai-shek, choked to death in 1971 while dining, as did ex-Baseball Slugger Jimmy Foxx in 1967.

All food inhalation shows symptoms that are easy to recognize, if a doctor or

bystander knows what to look for. The hapless diner is suddenly unable to breathe, talk or cough. A panicky struggle may ensue, as he tears at the lower throat or upper chest. He quickly becomes blue in the face and collapses to the floor or into his plate. Without proper help, death—from lack of oxygen—occurs in four or five minutes.

Eller and Haugen estimate that 90% of dinner-table fatalities could be prevented, if doctors and laymen alike would not immediately assume that the victim is suffering from coronary thrombosis. The combination of eating and the inability to talk or breathe is a sure tip-off, they say: a genuine heart attack victim can usually speak. Backslapping is a waste of time, unless the victim is upside down, and mouth-to-mouth resuscitation is like "trying to pour water into a corked bottle." The food must be retrieved—with fingers or, if necessary, with a pair of tweezers. After a year of testing in Florida, Eller and Haugen now recommend that a 9-in. plastic tweezer-like device called Choke Saver be kept at the ready in every restaurant. It has already been used by a city first-aid unit in Jacksonville, Fla., to save the lives of three victims. Using either his fingers or the Choke Saver, a clumsy amateur may bruise a victim's throat while wrestling with the obstructing clump of food. But, the Florida doctors note, "a sore throat is to be preferred to a dead patient."



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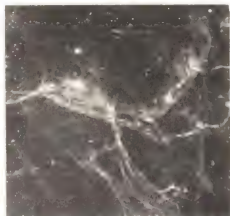
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Homage to a Star

Archaeologist George Michanowsky first came upon the strange, incomprehensible markings in 1956. Inscribed on a large flat rock in a remote bush region of Bolivia, they seemed to be connected somehow with an annual festival held on the site by Indians who gather from hundreds of miles around for several days of drinking and debauchery. Yet no one, including the Indians, could offer any explanation for this yearly orgy, which seemed to have its roots in the dim pre-Columbian past.

Now, with a clue supplied by NASA



PART OF GUM NEBULA

Both awesome and frightening.

astronomers, Michanowsky thinks that he may have found an explanation for both the festival and the inscriptions. The rock carvings, he argues, are apparently a record of a long-forgotten celestial event: a supernova, or exploding star, a spectacle that would have awed primitive people and perhaps frightened them into paying homage to it by staging an orgiastic celebration.

Supernovas are rare events, taking place every 50 or hundred years in galaxies similar to the earth's Milky Way galaxy. When one occurs, it gives off more light than all of the billions of other stars in the galaxy combined. It is thought to leave behind a glowing, expanding cloud of gases at the center of which is a small, rapidly spinning, incredibly dense neutron star (or pulsar) that gives off regularly spaced radio signals. Only four supernovas have been recorded in the Milky Way galaxy since the year 1000. The best-known one was witnessed by Chinese astronomers in 1054 and has since expanded into the famed Crab nebula; the last two took place within 32 years of each other around the turn of the 17th century.

The only known evidence of earlier supernovas in the Milky Way are the pulsars they left behind. One of the closest to be detected is in the Gum nebula,

SCIENCE

which is in the constellation Vela and only 1,500 light years away. Thus, when the star that formed Gum exploded—some 10,000 to 20,000 years ago (an estimate derived from the current signal rate of the pulsar)—it probably flared up briefly in the sky as bright as a quarter-moon. It also may have showered the earth with enough dangerous radiation to have produced significant mutations in terrestrial life.

On the assumption that some primitive man might have carved his impressions of the great event—markings that could be archaeologically dated to determine more precisely when the Vela



ARCHAEOLOGIST MICHANOWSKY
Chasing the ostrich.

supernova occurred—NASA Astronomers John C. Brandt, Stephen P. Maran and Theodore Stecher last year issued an appeal. They asked archaeologists to be on the lookout, especially in the Southern hemisphere—where the Gum nebula can be best observed—for any unidentified ancient symbols that might have been painted or carved to represent the supernova.

Reading the astronomers' request (TIME, March 27, 1972), Michanowsky immediately recalled the odd markings he had seen years before in Bolivia. Searching his records, he found that the carvings showed four small circles—similar to the so-called "False Cross" star grouping in the constellations Vela and Carina—flanked by two larger circles. Michanowsky identified one of these larger circles as a representation of the bright star Canopus. The other circle, which was even bigger, had no existing counterpart in the sky. But it was approximately at the site of the invisible pulsar. Could the second circle be a primitive drawing of the supernova?

Returning to the site of the markings in Bolivia, Michanowsky noted that the region of the sky in which the Gum nebula lies does not look remarkable to the naked eye. Nonetheless, it has long been called *Lakha Manta* (The Gate-



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SCIENCE

way to Hell) by the Indians, for reasons they are unable to explain. More tantalizing still, Michanowsky found that among some lowland tribes this humdrum part of the sky is known as the Region of the Chase of the Celestial Ostrich, a bird revered in Indian mythology. According to Indian lore, the ostrich was driven across the sky by two voracious dogs and finally killed in the constellation Vela. Michanowsky also learned of some possible connections between Indian star lore and the site of the annual orgy. In Indian dialects, the site is called *mutun* (very hot stone), which could perhaps refer to some ancient heavenly fire.

Although his evidence suggests that the primitive peoples of the region did record the supernova, Michanowsky wants more proof. He will soon begin a search for similar markings in other locations—especially higher up in the Andes, where in the thin mountain air the supernova would have appeared even more brilliant. Perhaps the exploding star inspired other primitive artists to record its fiery appearance.

Ladies on the Pad?

In the September issue of *Ms.*, the Women's Lib organ suggested that NASA is a malechauvinist bastion that has barred qualified women from competing for berths as astronauts. Whatever the truth of that charge, the space agency is apparently moving closer to the day when women will be allowed to fly in space. NASA this week is completing tests on a dozen women at the Ames Research Center at Moffett Field, Calif., to determine how females respond to the physiological stresses of spaceflight.

Involved in the five-week program are twelve Air Force flight nurses (average age: 28). During the first two weeks, the subjects underwent testing on Ames' big centrifuges—whirling machines that simulate the increased gravitational forces experienced by astronauts on lift-off and re-entry. Eight of the nurses were then given 14 days of total bed rest to approximate the effects of weightlessness (the other four nurses served as an ambulatory control). After a second test on the centrifuges in the last week of the experiment, the twelve women will be examined by doctors. Among other things, they want to know how the women responded to zero-G, whether there was excessive pooling of blood in the legs during weightlessness, and if there was any significant metabolic, cardiovascular or glandular changes.

Until the test results have been studied, NASA is unwilling to draw any firm conclusions. But Dr. David Winter, the man in charge of the experiment, sounded quite optimistic: "I don't see any differences [between the reactions of men and women to flight conditions]. Nor do I expect anything dramatically different." If further study bears out that judgment, women may yet fly in space before the end of the decade.

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Charms of a Floating World

There have been only a few private art collections in this century that have managed to define a period, a style, a mood. One of them was put together by a wealthy New Yorker named Louis Vernon Ledoux; at its peak, before he died in 1948, it contained no more than 250 Japanese wood-block prints.

But Ledoux, a scholar who made fundamental contributions to the study of the print, was obsessed with absolute quality, if so chimerical an idea can be called "absolute." In the case of 18th century Japanese wood blocks, this quality lies in nuances of inking, registration and condition that are barely visible to the amateur. If Ledoux bought, say, a Utamaro, something had to be dropped from his chosen 250 to make room for it. Ledoux was a polisher, not a grabber; and as a result, any print that provably comes from his collection has enormous cachet for collectors of Japanese art today.

In short, Ledoux set an unsurpassable standard of taste. When he died the prints were sold; but New York's Japan Society has now managed to reconstitute a part of the Ledoux collection—62 items. And it would not be possible to find, in any other room in the world, a more perfect compendium of *Ukiyo-e* than this show.

The term *Ukiyo-e* means "pictures of the floating world," or, with a tinge of Buddhist severity, "images of the world of illusion." *Ukiyo-e*, which embodied a shift away from the stony feudal *pietas* of Japan's ancestral samurai culture, have a style and a subject matter that could only have taken hold in a bustling, sophisticated city like 18th century Edo (later called Tokyo). In Edo, a new class of merchants and craftsmen had risen. Like any bunch of Sony executives whooping it up in an Akasaka nightclub, the members of this bourgeoisie took their pleasures as they came and liked art to reflect them.

So the *Ukiyo*, the Floating World—a little universe that stretched from the theater chengeroom to the sake bar, from teahouse to whorehouse—was populated by actors, balladeers, pimps, wrestlers, inquisitive artists and, above all, every class and kind of girl. Japan now experienced a split between country virtues and big-city decadence, and its conservatives bewailed the fact, especially when the rot seemed to have invaded the Imperial Palace. "His Highness [the Emperor] sings songs called *nagabushi*," complained one lord in 1718. "These are licentious tunes. It is extremely improper that a descendant of the revered Sun Goddess should do such things... which not even a right-thinking shopkeeper would do."

Nevertheless, it was from this hedonistic compost that the splendors of "late" Japanese culture grew: *Kabuki* (theater), *Bunraku* (puppetry) and *Ukiyo-e*, which, in the hands of its masters, achieved a finesse of technique and design that, as outright decoration, was virtually unrivaled in Japanese history.

As people, little is known about the Edo printmakers. Eishosai Chōki, active in the 1780s and 1790s, did not even use his family name, and it remains unrecorded. Suzuki Harunobu (1725-70) produced most of his work—delicate images of courtesans—in the last six years of his life, leaving the preceding decades blank. The only unusual thing about Ritagawa Utamaro (1753-1806), apart from his art, was that his prints offended the government, and he was briefly imprisoned. And what we know about Katsushika Hokusai (1760-1849) and the great landscapist Ichiryūsai Hiroshige (1797-1858) would hardly fill a chapter.

But if their characters do not survive, their work does; and when the words "Japanese art" are uttered, it is still *Ukiyo-e* rather than the more austere forms of the Heian or Momoyama eras (which roughly correspond in time to the Medieval and Renaissance periods in Europe) that we think of.

The emotional range of this art was narrow. The subjects that, in their time and place, seemed frivolous or vulgar now look both aristocratic (every courtesan a princess, swathed

like a lepidopterist's dream in patterned silk) and elaborately ceremonious. Only the faintest intimations of melancholy appear. In a print by Torii Kiyohiro, a pair of downcast lovers (actually actors) walk side by side under a half-opened umbrella. Harunobu portrays a man and a girl watching some birds on a pond. "Since ours is the enviable love of mandarin ducks," the calligraphy remarks, "pledged with crossed wings, we should not be sad." But the subtleties of drawing, cutting and inking lend these prints a singular poetry. A later or poorer pull of Chōki's *Two Women Seated by a Stream*, 1794, would still be a striking design—the curves of drapery and languid arm set off by the strict lines of the ladies' pipes. But the sky in Ledoux's version contains powdered mica mixed with

THE BROOKLYN MUSEUM



Kiyohiro: two actors as lovers (1753).

the ink, and this creates an exquisite atmosphere of heat and spreading moonlight.

Romantic grandeur was not, as a rule, part of the Floating World. Some late printmakers came close to it—notably Hiroshige, in sweeping landscapes like *Evening Snow on Mt. Hira* (circa 1835), with its jagged shadows and nervy, pecked-in trees around the icy blue eye of the lake. But if any single image can be said to summarize the spirit of *Ukiyo-e*, it is Harunobu's *Woman on a Verandah* (circa 1767). A hot day in Edo; the colors of earth and wood are bleached to the subtlest parchment and blue-gray; the pond is still, traversed by faint, embossed curlicues of current, but there is just enough breeze to flap the ribbon of a wind bell. The courtesan on the verandah, whose neck and shoulders emerge from the rhythmic disarray of her bathrobe like some white fruit from a Tiffany vase, is an apparition—erotic but distanced by style, the right inhabitant for a perfectly clear world from which nothing more could be subtracted.

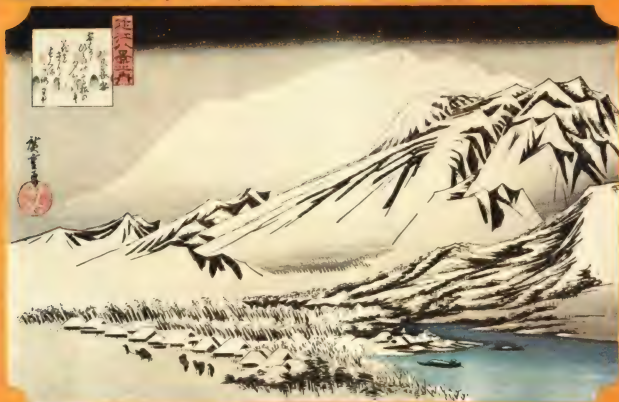
■ Robert Hughes



Chôki: "Two Women Seated by a Stream" (ca. 1794)



Harunobu: "Woman on a Verandah" (ca. 1767)



Hiroshige: "Evening Snow on Mt. Hira" (ca. 1835)



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FUEL

Allocation at Long Last

After months of fierce bureaucratic infighting, the Nixon Administration finally put together a mandatory allocation program for home heating oil. Announced last week, it may well be too little and too late to ensure that all Americans will be warm this winter. One Administration official even concedes, "We are going to have industries closing down and homes going cold. The question is how many—2% or 20%?"

The program has three main points:

1) After Nov. 1, refiners must supply wholesalers with the same quantity of fuel they received last year; in any supply cuts, each allotment will be reduced by the same proportion.

2) If one region of the nation is particularly hard-hit by cold weather, the

not make the fuel available. Already Italy and Spain have clamped strict controls on heating-oil exports.

The second handicap is the confused state of the Administration's energy-policy-making apparatus. Indeed, the behind-the-scenes story, as pieced together by TIME Correspondent Sam Iker, sounds like a bureaucratic free-for-all in seven rounds. As the battle raged, the President apparently remained on the sidelines.

ROUND 1. In 1972, as fears of a fuel shortage became widespread for the first time, a federal interdepartmental task force, under the direction of White House Aide Peter Flanigan, started drafting a presidential energy message. Late in the year, the message reached

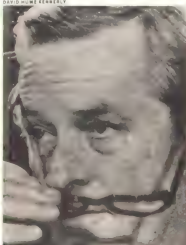
Policy Committee. When spot shortages of gasoline began to appear in the late spring, he decided that some allocation of petroleum products was necessary and prepared a voluntary system to accomplish it. The morning he was scheduled to present it to Congress, DiBona appealed to Simon's boss, Treasury Secretary George Shultz, to block the testimony. Shultz refused to interfere and the program was adopted.

ROUND 4. As evidence mounted that voluntary allocation did not go far enough, Simon and energy experts from the Interior Department reluctantly prepared a draft of a mandatory program in June. Then word came that the White House would establish yet another new advisory body, an Energy Policy Office. Simon concluded that the decision should be left to the EPO chief.

ROUND 5. Colorado Governor John Love, whose opposition to mandatory controls was already on record, was appointed to head the EPO. After DiBona,



"And we'll have a prayer breakfast to get us a mild winter."



ENERGY CZAR JOHN LOVE



Interior Department can order the transfer of fuel from less frozen regions.

3) Similarly, each state government will be able to redirect as much as 10% of the fuel supply within its borders to alleviate "exceptional hardships by wholesalers and end users."

The Administration also launched a publicity campaign, featuring a specially drawn Snoopy cartoon, to get consumers to save energy. Key recommendation: all householders should turn their thermostats four degrees lower than usual; if they do, the nation will save 400,000 barrels of heating oil a day.

The program starts out under two heavy handicaps. The first is that in order to keep from shivering this winter, the U.S. will have to import huge quantities of heating oil from Europe; but Europeans, worried that the Mideast war will cut off their crude-oil supplies, may

John Ehrlichman, then Nixon's chief domestic adviser, who recognized a fertile political issue and moved to put the planning under his control. Objecting to the draft's urgent tone (its writers dared to use the word crisis), Ehrlichman ordered extensive revisions.

ROUND 2. Last February the White House named Charles DiBona, 41, to coordinate energy planning. DiBona, a former Navy officer and systems analyst, combines a staunch belief in unregulated free enterprise with a lack of experience in the energy field. Under DiBona, a final draft of the message was produced, and Nixon delivered it six weeks later. It quite properly called for scrapping antiquated oil-import quotas but otherwise was distressingly bland.

ROUND 3. Also in February, Deputy Treasury Secretary William Simon was made head of the Government's Oil

now his assistant, met with him in Denver, Love grew stronger in his opposition; he reiterated it at a press conference in San Clemente. When Love arrived in Washington, however, Simon got him to change his mind. On July 10, Simon told a House committee that a decision for mandatory allocation would be made "within a week."

ROUND 4. DiBona did not give up. He gathered support from White House aides who felt that such a politically sensitive decision should be left to Congress. The Administration decided to stop pushing the program.

ROUND 7. After passing the Senate, a bill to require mandatory allocation bogged down in a House committee. As indications of a serious winter fuel shortage mounted and pressure for a mandatory program intensified, the standby plan prepared in June received

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

renewed attention. Faced with complaints from Congress, state governments and independent fuel suppliers, Love again changed course and backed a compulsory allocation system. The plan was announced last week.

Now that the program is finally in effect, additional conservation steps will be necessary. The Administration could, for example, ask Congress to impose a 10% tax on gasoline. That might reduce demand and allow refineries to shift some production from gasoline to heating oil. If the situation becomes dire, the Administration might even have to ration gasoline and diesel fuel at the consumer level. That step would be taken only with great reluctance. Says Love: "If there's any way to avoid end-use rationing, it should be used. Nothing would intrude more into people's lives."

Most important, someone in Washington has to take charge of energy policy and stop the waffling that so long delayed the mandatory allocation program. Last week Love was talking as if he intended to become that man; from now on, he said, "it's my intention that this office will be providing the focus and leadership in energy policy." But the issue is so complex that Love readily concedes that the ultimate big decisions will have to be made by the President himself.

HOUSING

Inflation Nightmare

Willie Roberts, a 38-year-old chef who owns a small house on Chicago's West Side, recently decided to buy a bigger home for his wife and four children. He applied to a savings and loan association for a new mortgage—but in the three weeks he waited for the deal to be closed, the down payment jumped from 10% to 25% and the closing costs from 4.5% to 11%. Roberts could not meet those terms, so his family is still living in cramped quarters.

For millions of Americans from Maine to California, the cherished dream of buying a home of their own has become an inflationary nightmare. In most states, mortgages now carry towering interest rates of between 9% and 9½%—up from a national average of 7½% in the first half of 1973. Down payments have at least doubled in the past few months; 40% is now common in some parts of the country. Worst of all, at some S and Ls and savings banks, the prime sources of residential mortgage money, new loans are unavailable on any terms whatever. Laments Boston Realtor Jack Conway: "This is the granddaddy of all mortgage droughts."

The cause of most of the shortage can be traced to the Federal Reserve Board's effort to combat inflation by severely tightening the money supply and letting interest rates soar. That policy was designed to discourage borrowing but has also dragged up mortgage fees.

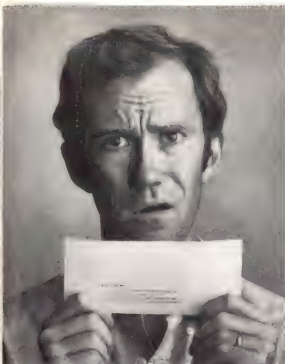
More important, it has started an unintended flood of money out of S and Ls and savings banks; depositors are pulling cash out of passbook accounts that pay only 3½% annual interest and buying Treasury bills, bank certificates of deposit (CDs) and other investments that sometimes yield more than 9%. Through early 1973, S and Ls were taking in savings at an average net rate of more than \$1 billion a month, but they suffered a net outflow in July; in August a staggering \$1.2 billion was withdrawn, the third largest monthly loss on



Wrong number?

record. Since then, the situation has improved little, if any.

By no coincidence, the outflow began when Washington granted financial institutions permission to sell so-called "wild card" CDs. The wild cards, sold to savers who will keep at least \$1,000 on deposit for at least four years, yield interest at whatever rate the issuer chooses to pay; Manhattan's First National City Bank last week was offering CDs yielding 9.59% for this quarter. S and Ls can and do sell wild cards, but their ability to do so is severely limited by a rule specifying that the total amount of wild cards an institution offers cannot equal more than 5% of its reserves. Commercial banks, which have much larger



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At the invitation of United States Steel...

I.W. Abel tells how America

*"If we adopt
a don't-give-a-damn attitude,
we risk becoming
a second-class
economic power."*

I. W. Abel, President,
United Steelworkers of America.

I call upon every American to enlist in the crucial battle to improve our lagging productivity.

Nothing less is at stake than our jobs, the prices we pay, the very quality of our lives.

Ominous signs have appeared that all is not well. Between 1960 and 1972, the average annual productivity rise in the U.S. was 3.1%. In comparison, the growth rate in a number of foreign countries was double, in some cases even higher!

By last year, 18% of all the steel sold in this country was being produced elsewhere. Statistics are sometimes dull, but these leap to life when we think of all the businesses that have shrunk, jobs gone down the drain and families have suffered lower living standards as a result.

What happened? Things have been

so good for so long that we've become wasteful and inefficient. So wasteful that, incredibly enough, many firms nowadays actually expect to scrap 20% of what they produce!

Let me be blunt: I believe we are standing at a pivotal point in our history. If we adopt a don't-give-a-damn attitude, we risk becoming a second-class economic power.

How can we improve? In these ways:

By stepping up the efficiency of each worker. Does this mean work speedups, job eliminations? Hardly. It does mean cutting down on excessive absenteeism, tardiness, turnover and overtime. It does mean improving the morale of workers, more effective work incentives—and really listening to the man at the workbench. I've always believed that all the brains in the great American economy

can become more productive.



weren't in the executive suite!

By improving our technology and really using the technology we already possess. Let's put our brainpower to work to create more efficient manufacturing processes and better equipment. But then let's use them.

Important steps are being taken to help solve the problem. For example, the steel industry and the United Steelworkers of America have established joint advisory committees on productivity at each plant. This co-operative venture is a recognition that workers and employers share a common problem.

Like Oliver Twist, labor has always sought "more"—more wages and benefits. But labor also knows that to obtain more, we must produce more.

Together we face a great challenge. Together, I am confident we will succeed.

United States Steel, along with other steel companies, recently signed a landmark agreement with the United Steelworkers of America. In it, labor and management guarantee to resolve their bargaining issues without an industry-wide strike. Continuity of production, of course, is basic to a higher rate of productivity, and so this agreement is of major significance to U.S. Steel as well as to its thousands of steel-buying customers. United States Steel Corporation, 600 Grant St., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15230.



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* "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening" by Robert Frost.

reserves than S and Ls, are offering the rich-yielding CDs in far greater amounts. Mortgage lenders charge that the commercial banks are thus draining huge sums out of the housing market. In Washington, the mortgage lenders are lobbying hard to have the wild cards discontinued.

Closing the Window. Meanwhile, some S and Ls, strapped for funds, have stopped making new mortgage loans altogether. They include Sun Federal in Portland, Maine's largest, and First Federal in Chicago, the biggest in Illinois. Others are keeping their mortgage windows open a mere crack by granting loans only to long-time depositors, and in some cases actually demanding that a home buyer maintain a savings-account balance equal to the size of the mortgage loan he seeks. The market is tightest in states like New York and Illinois, where usury laws keep mortgage-interest rates below 9%, making loan officers reluctant to accommodate any but the best-heeled home buyers.

Builders and real estate brokers, scratching for business, are resorting to some far-out tactics to keep on selling houses. Realtors in the Jean Burgdorff firm in Summit, N.J., have taken out personal loans, pledging their own assets as collateral, and then re-lent the money on short terms to would-be house buyers who could not get mortgage financing elsewhere. Witkin Homes in Denver guarantees buyers who balk at today's high interest rates that they can refinance their mortgages once within the next three years if rates drop. Home-wood Corp. of Columbus will give a buyer free paint for his new house, then deduct from the down payment the labor cost of spreading it on the walls.

Even so, builders and real estate men are taking a painful hammering. Atlanta Developer Lindsey Freeman reports his condominium sales down 50% in the past two months alone. Nationwide, the pace of housing starts dropped from a record 2.4 million in 1972 to an annual rate of 2,000,000 in August, and that by no means measures the full extent of the trouble; permits for new construction have dropped 29% during the same period. Some analysts expect next year's housing starts to plunge to a three-year low of 1.5 million or so.

Mortgage men hold out a bit more hope for 1974 if the Federal Reserve loosens up on the money supply and loan demand diminishes. Joseph T. Benedict, president of the Worcester, Mass., First Federal Savings and Loan Association, predicts that mortgage rates could come down as low as 8% by mid-year. Even if he is right, though, many would-be house buyers have to write off the rest of 1973 and mutter "Wait until next year." Meanwhile, they have to live somewhere, and that necessity provides the only bright spot in an otherwise dreary housing picture. The once sluggish rate of apartment rentals, from Manhattan to Los Angeles, is picking up briskly.

EMPLOYMENT

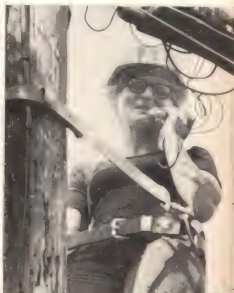
Crossed Wires at Bell

Ever since 1878, when one Stella Nutt and her sister Emma invaded what had been an exclusively male profession, the Bell System's telephone operators have been almost all women, while its higher-paid skilled jobs have nearly all been held by men. The situation has long outraged feminists, and last January they won what seemed a significant victory: their complaint to the Government's Equal Employment Opportunity Commission forced American Telephone & Telegraph Co. to sign a consent decree under which it agreed to throw open every job in the system to both sexes.* Nine months later, that decree is having a topsy-turvy effect; it is producing many more male operators



MALE OPERATOR IN SOUTH CAROLINA

Equal opportunity could mean fewer female employees.



WOMAN LINEMAN AT WORK

than female linemen or telephone installers.

Ma Bell has made a conscientious effort to live up to the decree; the system's managers have set goals (critics call them quotas) for the percentage of job openings in every category to be filled by women and by men. They also distribute to every employee brochures describing every job for which he or she might apply. But women simply have not been seeking traditionally male jobs in anything like the numbers that had been expected. During the second quarter of 1973, the latest period for which system-wide figures are available, Bell placed a grand total of 1,744 women in formerly male jobs—considerably less than half the 4,301 men who

took jobs customarily filled by women.

Women have shown some interest in inside-the-plant men's jobs, such as that of a "frameman," who connects wires in a central office. During the second quarter, women filled 890, or 63%, of the semiskilled "inside" craft jobs that opened up. But surprisingly few women are applying for "outside" men's jobs, such as lineman or installer—even though they pay more than most women's jobs. (In Columbia, S.C., for example, repairmen make as much as \$124 a week, v. \$101.50 a week for an information operator.) Only 389 women were moved into such jobs in the second quarter, filling a mere 4.7% of the openings, v. a company goal of 19%.

Why? Some women say they fear that the outside jobs will take greater strength than they possess, or subject them to more discomfort than they want

to endure; others seem to feel that the jobs are incompatible with their femininity. Men seem to have no such compunctions about applying for women's jobs, despite the traditionally lower pay. During the second quarter, 2,656 were hired as operators, filling 17% of the openings (the company's goal was 10%). Some possible explanations: many men as well as women may prefer the relative comfort of tedious indoor work to the rigors of outside jobs, and many men may still consider white-collar work more socially prestigious than better-paying blue-collar jobs.

Whatever the reason, the way that the consent decree has worked so far suggests that it may eventually have a wholly unintended effect. If the Bell System continues to offer men's jobs to women who will not take them, and to offer women's jobs to men who snap them up, employment of women throughout the system may go down.

*A T & T also agreed to pay \$15 million, mostly to its women employees but a small portion to blacks and other minority men, to compensate them for wages theoretically lost by being denied access to better-paying jobs in the past.

NATIONALIZATION

Return to El Teniente?

U.S.-based multinational companies have long since written off as dead losses the Chilean operations that were expropriated by the late Marxist President Salvador Allende. But last week the new Chilean Foreign Minister, Ismael Huerta, announced at the U.N. that the military junta that overthrew Allende in a bloody coup last month has reopened negotiations with Anaconda and Kennecott with a view toward paying them something for those giant copper mines—Anaconda's Chuquibambilla and Kennecott's El Teniente—that Allende expropriated. Some other members of the Chilean U.N. mission even dropped hints that Anaconda and Kennecott might actually be invited back to operate the mines for the new government.

Both sides were quick to emphasize that the talks are in the most informal, preliminary stage (though one copper-company executive added that a supposedly casual meeting with Huerta was attended by "70 to 90" U.S. executives).

The Chileans further stressed that they have no thought of returning ownership of the mines to the American companies. Indeed, they said, the matter of compensation itself must eventually be decided by the Chilean courts. But they asserted that the new government believes that Allende made an improper calculation of the compensation due. When their properties were taken over, Anaconda estimated its losses at \$462 million; Kennecott calculated \$365 million. But Allende figured that "excess profits" earned in the past left the companies owing money to Chile.

Chile's new government desperately needs foreign loans and credits; by talking about compensation for the copper companies, the country's diplomats appeared to be trying to demonstrate a reasonable spirit that they hoped would impress foreign lenders.

Behind the diplomatic negotiations, the outlines of a hard, realistic deal emerged. Chile has only one potential source for funding Anaconda and Kennecott anything: profits from the mines. But Chilean members of the U.N. mission admitted that in order to get the



MINERS LINING UP FOR WORK AT EXPROPRIATED
Showing a reasonable spirit to attract

bogged-down mines running well again, the nation desperately needs foreign technology and expertise, and is willing to get it from the U.S. The clear implication: Anaconda and Kennecott might come back and run the mines on behalf of the Chilean government and be paid for their former ownership out of the profits that they make for Chile. Ironically, if the companies do collect compensation, they may have to hand over some of the cash to the U.S. Government, to repay money that they have received from the federal Overseas Private Investment Corp., which insures investments abroad. Anaconda has received \$12 million from OPIC, and Kennecott more than \$60 million.

None of this means that ITT, the most celebrated American company in Chile, will get a cent for its expropriated properties. Chileans who took a conciliatory line toward Anaconda and Kennecott pointedly said nothing at all about ITT. After the scandal about ITT's alleged interference in internal Chilean politics, it would be difficult for any Chilean government of whatever ideological complexion to befriend the giant conglomerate.

Tearing Down the Competition

Ford calls the process shown below "value analysis": International Harvester gives it the title of "competitive analysis"; General Motors and Chrysler will not even discuss the subject. But it is no secret that all these companies routinely tear their competitors' products to pieces, not just verbally but physically. As soon as a new car or truck appears on the market, the other vehicle manufacturers regularly rush to buy one. Then they send it to a "teardown room," where the vehicle is put through a kind of disassembly line and torn into as many as 15,000 pieces that are hung on huge pegboards. Engineers study every part and piece to determine if it is somehow superior to their own company's product. They also analyze how much it would cost to imitate the design in their own plants.

As a result, manufacturing secrets

rarely keep for long in Detroit. A few years ago, for example, Ford men counted that a competitor was building a superior master brake cylinder. They designed a similar one, but modified it to use two bolts instead of four. Sure enough, two years later they found their two-bolt design appearing in the brake cylinders of the competitors' cars that they dismantled. At present, auto engineers are focusing particular attention on how rivals go about reducing the weight of their cars in order to placate a public increasingly concerned by the cost of gas guzzlers in a fuel-short society. Since foreign-car makers generally tend to build smaller vehicles than the Americans do, the teardown experts are devoting special emphasis to ripping apart and examining every Toyota, Audi or Taurus that they can get their socket wrenches on.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER TECHNICIANS ANALYZING PARTS OF A RIVAL'S TRUCK



CORPORATIONS

Darting Ahead

Superficially, the news from Dart Industries might seem to foretell deep trouble. The Los Angeles-based company has sunk \$75 million into recreational-land developments in California, and has been stymied in selling many lots by conflicts with environmentalists; on top of that, it is being sued for a total of \$500 million by buyers alleging fraudulent land-sales practices. Even so, Chairman Justin Dart found a "plus factor" to report to New York security analysts in a recent speech. The plus, said Dart, was that "we're not planning any more developments of this type."

Dart's report was much more than



PIT IN NORTHERN CHILE

foreign cash and technology.

a bit of gallows humor. Despite its troubles in land development, Dart Industries is rolling toward a 1973 net profit that is estimated by its chairman to be 14% higher than the record 1972 earnings of \$53 million registered on sales of \$888 million. Main reason: high earnings in the Tupperware plastic-container division and the chemicals division. In fact, in an era during which "conglomerate" has become a dirty word on Wall Street, Justin Dart has put together one of the few conglomerates that are continuing to post steady growth in sales and profits.

The big factor in Dart Industries' success has been Tupperware, acquired in 1958 by Justin Dart over the initial opposition of his own board of directors. Since then, Tupperware sales of plastic food containers have multiplied 18 times to \$187 million in 1972; its earnings currently contribute 50% of Dart Industries' net profits. Tupperware products are sold by self-employed dealers, mostly housewives, who peddle the plastic food containers at home demonstration "parties." In order to maintain the evangelical zeal of the distributors, Dart regularly holds sales jubilees at which the most successful of the housewife-saleswomen are awarded such prizes as new cars, microwave ovens and all-expense trips to London and Tokyo with their husbands. Of late, Dart has found the seemingly all-American formula quite as valuable overseas: Tupperware has been expanding abroad, and per capita sales in France now surpass those in the U.S.

Refreshing Tendency. Tupperware is not the only ingredient in the Dart success formula. The company's crack chemicals division, which is expected to show a 40% surge in profits this year, was put together in 1960 to produce polyethylene. It now has 170 U.S. and 460 foreign patents. Both G.E. and Exxon have become licensees. More important in Dart's view, the division contributes product technology to the company's other units, like Tupper-



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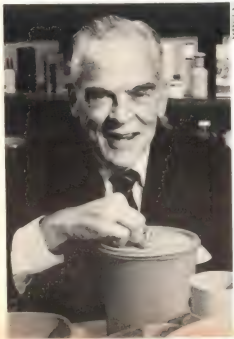
ECONOMY & BUSINESS

ware. By merger, Dart has also moved into fabricated plastic products and glass bottles.

Along the way, the chairman has shown a refreshing tendency to get out of any business that was unsuccessful—or that merely seemed ripe for sale at a profitable price. Dart started out as a drugstore clerk and rose to become general manager of the Walgreen drug chain in nine years; then he moved on through other executive posts in the drug business and wound up as chairman of the Rexall drug chain, which he turned into the foundation of Dart Industries. That did not prevent him from selling off the Rexall stores piecemeal, until today there are only a dozen left. In 1947, Justin Dart advanced \$7,000 out of his own pocket to a doctor who was working on a preparation to suppress high blood pressure; the drug turned into a steady though small seller and started Dart Industries' Riker Laboratories ethical-drug operation. But in 1970, he sold Riker Laboratories to the Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing Co. for 3M stock worth a handsome \$150 million. Dart has since sold most of the stock for a profit—\$10 million in 1972 alone.

Low Profile. Even now Justin Dart, a ruggedly handsome, 66-year-old, former All-Big Ten football guard from Northwestern, maintains that any of Dart Industries' divisions are for sale "if the price is right." Conversely, he is looking for profitable acquisitions but pledges that they will be "low profile" so as not to rile the Justice Department. In the interim he has designed an unusual management structure: Chairman Dart declines to appoint a president, holding that position himself and relying on seven group presidents who enjoy great autonomy. Says the blunt-spoken Justin Dart: "I don't have time to louse up the operating groups and I am the only one who can do it."

CHAIRMAN DART WITH TUPPERWARE



EYECATCHERS

C & O Switchover

Cyrus Eaton is one of the most contradictory figures in U.S. business: an archetypal capitalist worth more than \$150 million, he regularly visits Communist capitals from Havana to Hanoi in an attempt to promote East-West détente. He has made the Cleveland-based Chesapeake & Ohio one of the few profitable railroads in the country; last year it doubled its earnings, to \$60 million. Eaton, at 89, talks and acts as though he plans to stay active in business forever—and lately that ambition has become all too painfully believable for his impatient corporate colonels. Last week, while Eaton was in Washington on business, the other C & O directors at a hastily called meeting voted him out as chairman, replacing him with Hays T. Watkins Jr., 47,



CYRUS EATON

who had been president.

Watkins had been openly pressing for the top spot for some time, but Eaton had refused to budge. The spare, white-haired tycoon's position was further weakened because of the carload of enemies he has made at the White House. He was a vigorous critic of the Viet Nam War and called President Nixon a "dictator" for imposing wage-price controls. Eaton is a veteran of board-room battles during a career of more than half a century, in which he has controlled such major corporations as Republic Steel and Goodyear. He may not be through yet. He still owns the biggest block of C & O stock, and no one would be surprised if he launched a counterattack to unseat Watkins at this week's regular board meeting.

The Nashville Knife

In order to persuade his reluctant son Franklin to join the family firm, W. Maxey Jarman once threatened to cut off his inheritance. Even after Franklin, now 41, became chairman of Nashville-headquartered Genesco Inc. in 1969, father-son squabbling continued. In 1972 the Genesco board trimmed Franklin Jarman's authority by giving his father "added management responsibilities," but company troubles mounted and Franklin was restored to full command. Last week the younger Jarman displayed his authority by announcing that he would shrink the size of the company that Maxey built.

In the fiscal year ended July 31, sales of Genesco's various divisions (Bonwit Teller, I. Miller, Flagg Bros. Shoes) reached a record \$1.4 billion, but the

company lost \$53 million. To stop the drain, Franklin has decided to close 100 women's shoe stores, to sell an Italian men's clothing firm, and is even unloading the 347-unit S.H. Kress variety store chain. He has already shut down three textile plants in Tennessee and North Carolina.

Together, these operations accounted for \$18 million of the fiscal-1973 red ink. From now on, says Frank the Knife, he intends to "concentrate on improving the company's profits and worry less about sales."



FRANKLIN JARMAN

Couturier's Coup

Halston, né Roy Halston Frowick, is one of high fashion's best designers—and best business minds. Unheard of 15 years ago, he built a custom and ready-to-wear business that will sell \$28 million worth of high-priced fashions this year, including thousands of "ultra suede" dresses that go for \$220 apiece. A fortnight ago, Halston made his biggest sale of all. For about \$10 million in stock, New York's giant Norton Simon Inc., a \$1.5 billion-a-year conglomerate with products ranging from ketchup to cosmetics, acquired Halston's business, his services as a designer and, most valuable of all, his name. Halston will now be free from the pressures of merchandising his wares and more able to exercise the fashion touch that has won him two Coty Awards (the fashion Oscar) and a clientele that includes Barbara Streisand, Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt and Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis.

Among the designer's first tasks will be creation of a new fragrance for Simon's Max Factor subsidiary. Halston will also continue to churn out designs for McCall Pattern Co., as he has for the past year; then he may turn his hand to luggage, jewelry and a line of sportswear. His stock in trade—the high-priced dress—will not be neglected either. The newly created Halston Enterprises Inc. will continue to produce a ready-to-wear line that, because of Simon's vast merchandising resources, will now have a much wider distribution. Some fashion experts worry that he may be spreading himself too thin. Halston himself says he is merely broadening his public.



HALSTON

Introducing the 1974 Impala.

The road to staying America's most popular car is a rough one.

For 13 straight years, Impala has been America's favorite car—the great American value. And for a number of good reasons. Some of which have to do with rooster tails, baking and freezing.

Rooster tails.

We make rooster tails by barreling through our own man-made floods. Water, as you know, can play havoc with the undercarriage and brakes. And salt water is worse.

So for 1974, all Impalas have a new corrosion-resistant frame coating. And all come with power front disc brakes that resist the effects of water.

The disc brakes also have brand-new wear sensors. They sing out and warn you if the disc pads need replacement.

Impalas are driven in the middle of Arizona in the heat of summer, when metal gets so hot you can barely touch it. That's why

Impala's acrylic lacquer finish is formulated to resist fading or dulling.

A car doesn't like extreme cold any better than it does intense heat.

So we also drive Impalas in the frigid climates.

including some we hope you never encounter, like "Belgian blocks."

And when you see and drive our new Impala we think you'll appreciate the fruits of its labors.

Just look at it. Exceedingly handsome styling. With a massive new grille, a new roof line that features a wide expanse of glass, plus the comforts that leave you with little else to do but enjoy the ride. Which, of course, is what owning a big car is all about.

Here's another point to ponder:

For years, Impala has not only been the nation's top seller, bar none, but it has traditionally brought a high resale value.

1974 Impala. The great American value. When you

We show no mercy.

We drive Impalas on virtually every kind of driving surface,

buy it. And when you sell it.

Chevrolet

Impala. Custom Coupe



Chevrolet. Building a better way to see the U.S.A.

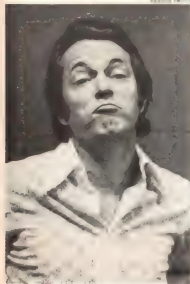


Gen. U.S. Importers: Van Munching & Co., Inc., N.Y., N.Y.

A detailed advertisement for Heineken beer. The central focus is a tall, elegant glass filled with golden beer and a thick head of white foam. The glass has a small Heineken label with a red star and a flower. To the left, a silver tray holds a large, succulent lobster tail and several small, round, golden-brown potatoes. In the background, a green Heineken beer bottle is partially visible, showing its label with the words 'LAGER BEER' and 'ken'. The glass sits on a square coaster featuring a black and white illustration of a Dutch windmill and a town. The overall composition is classic and appetizing, emphasizing the quality and pairing of the beer.

Heineken tastes tremendous

IMPORTED HEINEKEN. IN BOTTLES, ON DRAFT AND DARK BEER.



PRODUCER BILLY SHERRILL

The Sherrill Sound

The drugstore blonde with a guitar under her arm had been rebuffed by every other record company in Nashville. But when she appeared at the Columbia/Epic offices, Producer Billy Sherrill thought he heard something special—a tear in her voice. "Somethin' said, 'Don't turn this chick down,'" Sherrill recalled later. Thus it came about that he signed Tammy Wynette, supervised her first recording session and even wrote the song for it: *Apartment Number Nine*. The record reached the top 20 on the *Billboard* country charts. Tammy's next two, *Your Good Girl's Gonna Go Bad* and *D-I-V-O-R-C-E*, also Sherrill songs, went all the way to No. 1—followed by some 20 more, all Sherrill-written and produced. One of them, *Stand By Your Man*, sold 1.5 million copies, became the second-biggest-selling single by any woman in country music.

Billy Sherrill has performed the same kind of wonders for more than 30 country-style singers, including such other stars as Johnny Duncan, Tanya Tucker and Johnny Paycheck. In all, he has more than 50 No. 1 hits to his credit. Nowadays, a week rarely passes without a couple of Sherrill-produced records among the top ten. Last week, for example, there were *The Midnight Oil* with Barbara Mandrell (7) and *We're Gonna Hold On* with George Jones and Tammy Wynette (8). Little wonder, then, that many people who once spoke of the Nashville Sound have begun referring instead to the Sherrill Sound.

Sherrill has no formula for that sound, but defines his stock in trade as feeling with a beat. "The song is so much more important than the artist, the pro-

ducer, the studio or the record company," he says. He is one of the few record producers who tries to listen to every song submitted to him. After selecting the song, he relies on a series of instinctive, spontaneous choices in the studio, as a recent session with Country Star David Houston demonstrated. With Sherrill listening intently, Houston ran through *The Lady of the Night*:

*There's nothing a man can tell her
she ain't done or seen.*

*She'll hold any stranger tight, for a
drink.*

She's the lady of the night.

"That's a mighty pretty song to be singing about a whore," Sherrill encouraged gently, "but say 'lady' a little faster, Dave; she's a fast lady." He turned to the band. "Don't get loud there at first when you go into the five chord, because he is whispering something filthy to her." The three guitarists, drummer and bass player nodded, jotting down numbers and symbols on scraps of paper to indicate chords and dynamics.

Cutting a record in Nashville is often a "head session" where musicians unable to read music learn the tune on the spot from the vocalist. "In New York, you start to change something, you tear up a \$700,000 arrangement," Sherrill points out. "Here we can make the lead sheet of a song in the time it takes to sing it." Not that Sherrill is easygoing. "All the guys I use are machines," he snaps. "They do exactly what I want 'em to—if the record doesn't hit, I go down in flames."

At the Houston session, when a take went well, Sherrill quoted the Bible: "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God." But when the drummer spoiled a quiet ending by descending with a crash, Sherrill swore: "Goddam!" He then signaled a halt and went to his office to telephone his wife. "We'll be dubbing tonight," he told her. "Dave Houston can sing better than that. I'm going to get him a double Scotch and some food, then strip his voice out of there, put some headphones on him and record that song the way it ought to be."

The son of a Baptist evangelist from Alabama, Sherrill grew up touring the South with his parents, playing piano at the "tent meetin'" and other functions where his father preached. He traces the beginning of his career as a professional musician to earning \$10 for playing at a funeral at the age of ten. Although he had no formal musical training, by his teens he could play half a dozen instruments. After finishing high school, he took up the life of an itinerant rock musician, playing mostly piano and saxophone with bands in Tennessee and Alabama and sleeping in his car or under bridges. In 1961, he and a musician friend set up their own small

recording studio in Nashville. A year later, he joined Columbia/Epic, where he is now a vice president.

A slight man with reddish brown hair, Sherrill at 36 has an old-young face lit with intelligence and sudden flashes of humor, but worn by the anxiety that comes from having to live by one's wits too early. He eschews the blaring cowboy suits and diamond stickpins of Music City, lives quietly with his wife and eleven-year-old daughter in a spacious, antique-furnished \$100,000 home overlooking Nashville.

He holds to the fundamentalist faith of his father, but does not attend church because he cannot find one that teaches a literal enough interpretation of the Scriptures. His personal taste in music runs to classical. In fact, one of his early productions was a recording of Brahms' *Lullaby* that caused his daughter some confusion. When she heard the melody at school, she loyally insisted, despite her teacher's objection: "My Daddy wrote that song, and we've got the record at home to prove it."

Mikis the Greek

The eight-stringed bouzouki (twang in Byzantine ecstasy. The drums and guitars thump out military rhythms. The singers wail not about love or loneliness but about resistance, prison, freedom, dreams gone awry. This is the music of Greece's romantic revolutionary Mikis Theodorakis. In Greece his songs and instrumentals account for up to half the popular records sold (all surreptitiously). In the U.S., his sound tracks for the films *Zorba the Greek*, *Z* and *State of Siege* are known to millions. The man himself—Marxist, former member of the Greek

THEODORAKIS CONDUCTING ON TOUR



MUSIC

Parliament, self-described composer to the masses—is a less familiar figure. Part of the reason: over the years he has frequently found himself in Greek prisons for his outspoken ways.

Now Theodorakis has emerged from his Paris home-in-exile to make his first U.S. concert tour. It began two weeks ago in New York—outside Greece and Cyprus the largest Greek community in the world, with 400,000 Greek Americans—and by the end of the month will have taken him to 22 cities, including Chicago, the second largest. Last week found him at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C., backed by a seven-piece band and three singers, notably scarlet-voiced Greek Songstress Maria Farantouri.

Criticizing Theodorakis' music is like carping at the grammar of Tom Paine. As a youthful product of music conservatories in Athens and Paris, Theodorakis, a lawyer's son, was accomplished enough to write a symphony that could pass as minor Shostakovich. In the years after World War II, he aligned himself with the Communist partisans fighting the Greek monarchy and drew his first jail term. He decided that his real medium was the *laiki moussiki* (serious pop) central to the everyday lives of the Greek working classes.

Bullet Eyes. In Washington, his songs were an infectious blend of Moorish folk chants, tough café tunes and lyric ballads of the Greek islands. Most were narrative in style. Some were set to his own poems ("Put off the light! The guard is knocking./ Tonight they will come again"), others to those of the late George Seferis of Greece and Pablo Neruda of Chile. All were tuneful, simple, direct, almost thunderous in their momentum—and impossible to resist. Theodorakis conducted the concert with windmill waving of the arms that bespoke the amateur maestro but was nonetheless effective. When it was over, the crowd, only partly Greek-American, gathered round the stage apron clapping and cheering, even reaching up to shake the composer's willingly offered hand.

At 48, Theodorakis is a tall, soft-spoken man with plentiful black curly hair and a soft expressive face pierced by close-set bullet eyes. Except, perhaps, in the six-room Paris apartment where he lives with his physician wife and their teen-age daughter and son, he rarely seems to relax his ideological stance. Crossing a picket line to open his tour at Manhattan's Lincoln Center (with the permission of the striking members of the New York Philharmonic), he told his audience: "We are in absolute solidarity with the struggle of the American musicians." Thus it is all the more surprising that Theodorakis, a sworn enemy of Greek Dictator George Papadopoulos, plans to return to Greece in late December to test the new move toward liberalization there (TIME, Oct. 15). Why go back? "Because," Theodorakis explains, "as a composer, I cannot get my inspiration anywhere else."



"SENSOR" NECKLACE



PULSE-TAKING BRACELET

Portable World

For the adolescent of any age who has everything, there is a gasoline-powered pogo stick. For one who worries about the air around him, there is a stainless-steel belt that monitors pollution. For the woman who likes jewelry and is uncertain where she will be sleeping next, there is the "wild oats sowing kit"—a silver and brass pendant containing a Dialpak of contraceptive pills. For those bothered by walking in cold places, there are woolen socks heated by a battery.

On the sound theory that humanity craves mobility, the Museum of Contemporary Crafts in Manhattan is staging a show called "Portable World." No gypsy could crave more items that can be folded out, inflated, worn or comfortably toted. "Body extensions"—notions to be worn by people on the move—include the "Toot-a-Loop" radio, which twists around the arm like a snake. The sauna

MODERN LIVING



"MADISON PARK STROLLER" FANTASY VEHICLE

bodysuit promises to create a hotbox effect merely by being hooked up to a portable hair dryer.

Those who fear fainting spells might like the necklace that contains a small oxygen mask. Another necklace, this one trimmed with peacock feathers, monitors the wearer's body temperature. An ornate gold and silver bracelet carries an electronic gadget that measures pulse rate. Perhaps the farthest-fetched item is an enclosed vehicle, with "legs" in back and wheels in front. It carries one rider and is powered by a small motor. Called the Madison Park Stroller, it is supposed to be a piece of art as well as a conveyance.

"The Victorian attic is gone," says Museum Director Paul Smith, "and we must minimize our possessions." Hence his home-furnishings display concentrates on items that can be used for more than one purpose or are easily stacked and stowed. Sleeping bags are brightly adorned and embroidered to serve as wall hangings between camping trips. Triangular wool pieces can be spread out as floor covering or piled up as low seats. A lamp inflates like a balloon. A combination writing table and bulletin board can be folded down to a rectangle only three inches thick. There are dining-room sets that collapse into practically nothing, a mini-kitchen that is housed inside a unit the size of a rolling bar and even an "environmental bower," a kind of cocoon that can be set up in any room to provide quiet and privacy. There, presumably, one can dream of times more spacious and sedentary.

Glitter-Giggle Tops

Jeans and denim skirts seem to have become a permanent part of many women's wardrobes, but the pure proletarian look is quickly receding. The new, rather reactionary yen is to set off casual clothes with touches of camp or swank. Result: a growing trend toward offbeat



POGO STICK & MOD PASSENGER

tops as snazzy, jazzy, individualistic mates for the denims. During the summer this took the form of T-shirts with silk-screen designs (Marilyn Monroe pinups, for example), funny messages ("Keep on Truckin'") or advertising slogans ("Try it, you'll like it"). For fall and winter the fad is expanding by borrowing—and satirizing—glitter notions that used to be reserved for evening wear.

These sweaters, T-shirts, tank tops and long-sleeved shirts do everything but give off sparks. They are festooned with rhinestones, sequins, silver threads, gold sparkle dust and paint. There are abstract designs in the Art Deco vein. Another line stresses the representational (Bette Midler's face in sequins, flowers and animals in sparkle dust). A "words and numbers" series allows the

wearer to advertise her home town ("Palm Springs: P.S. I love you") or favorite athlete's numeral. For the most part, the tops are priced for the jeans wearer's budget (usually between \$11 and \$20). But there are other versions like Right Bank Clothing's "America" top; a confetti-like array of multi-colored rhinestones surrounds the lettering, which sells for \$72.

Bit of Glamour. Some of the more affluent customers, such as Barbra Streisand, Sally Struthers and Diana Ross are teaming the new tops with satin pants, tweeds and other expensive items. The tops are also being paired with slacks and sporty blazers. "This all started as a junior-sports-wear fad," says Jules Lebetkin, president of the boutique sports-wear firm Catch-A-Guy. "It's a kind of trendy, rock-star flashiness that anybody can have fun with."

Says Kal Rutenstein, a vice president and merchandise manager at New York's Saks Fifth Avenue: "The idea that clothes are amusing cheers people up. Designers are all saying that this was going to be a very classic fall. You wouldn't have expected such fashions to catch on in a year like this." Saks is now planning a new boutique devoted to spangled goods that will be called "The Treasure Chest."

Manufacturers believe that inflation makes a bit of glamour at moderate prices attractive. "What does the working girl do when she can't afford to spend money for regular clothes?" asks Ronnie Gross, president of a group of sports-wear firms that includes Quips, Questions and Quotations. He answers himself: "She can either buy a lot of cheap, imitation designer clothes that don't fool anybody. Or she can go kicky, buy a flashy shirt, and say it is something for a giggle."



A TRIO OF SPANGLED SHIRTS FOR FALL

"A trendy, rock-star flashiness anybody can have fun with."

MILESTONES

Married. Red Skelton, 60, consummate TV clown whose alter egos include flap-footed Clem Kaddiddlehopper and threadbare Freddie the Freeloader; and Lethian Toland, 35, sports-woman whose father was cinematographer for *Citizen Kane* and *Wuthering Heights*; he for the third time, she for the first; in San Francisco.

Divorced. Elvis Presley, 38, rock 'n' roll's Golden Oldy supercrooner, and Priscilla Ann Beaulieu Presley, 25, a stunning brunette from Memphis who met and conquered Elvis in Germany when he was the most famous sergeant in the U.S. Army; after six years and one child; in Santa Monica. In addition to a cool \$1.5 million, Elvis also gave Priscilla a 5% interest in his music companies and half of the proceeds from the sale of their Holmby Hills, Calif., home.

Died. Walter Audisio, 64, World War II Italian Communist partisan leader who claimed credit for gunning down Benito Mussolini in April 1945 as the Fascist dictator attempted to escape into Switzerland with his mistress Clara Petacci along a country road in northern Italy; of a heart attack; in Rome.

Died. Clarence Wilfred Jenks, 64, director general of the International Labor Organization since 1970 and a lawyer who wrote a pioneering study in 1965 on the legal problems of outer space; after a short illness; in Rome.

Died. Arthur Menken, 69, newsreel photographer who covered the Italian invasion of Ethiopia, the Spanish Civil War, the siege of Nanking during the Second Sino-Japanese War, and the Battle of Britain for Paramount; the March of Time and the Columbia Broadcasting System; of a liver ailment; in Florence, Italy.

Died. Gabriel Marcel, 83, French dramatist, critic, musician and philosopher; of a heart attack; in Paris. A Roman Catholic and a pioneering existentialist who preferred the designation "Neo-Socratic." Marcel rejected abstract thinking as a solution to man's moral problems. Instead, he struggled to define a concrete philosophy that would help man find, in the sense of his own being and in his unselfish love of others, an approach to God. Marcel's best-known books were *Metaphysical Journal* (1927), *Being and Having* (1935) and *The Mystery of Being* (1951).

Died. Ludwig von Mises, 92, Austrian-born economist best known for his ardent championship of the autonomy of the marketplace and his suspicion of government intervention in the economy; in New York.

Freedom to Probe

A court battle over pretrial publicity and the protection of newsmen's sources was avoided last week because of Spiro Agnew's resignation. The subpoenas that had been issued to journalists became moot. The basic issues, however, remain very much alive.

In a memorandum filed with the federal district court in Maryland before the resignation, the Justice Department—some of whose officials had also been subpoenaed by Agnew's attorneys—set forth some stinging arguments against this kind of judicial interference. The department pointed out that "publicity about the criminal investigation of any newsworthy person is all too likely, and some of that publicity will almost inevitably be unfavorable." But the department argued that news stories do not necessarily prevent fair proceedings and noted that grand jurors' exposure to prejudicial publicity "has never been considered a proper ground even for dismissal of an indictment."

While stressing the need for grand jury secrecy, the department contended that prying out confidential news sources is too high a price to pay. "We have supported the right of courts to the testimony of newsmen when its relevance and importance were plain," the department said. "We have never supported incursions into this sensitive area for the mere purpose of conducting fishing expeditions, and it is plain that that is all that is involved here."

Few Tears for Ted

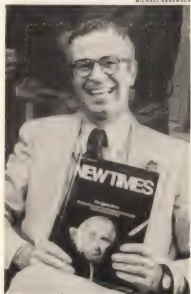
Spiro Agnew's abdication produced some interesting shifts of tone among editorial writers, columnists and TV commentators last week. Some of the journalists who had clashed most bitterly with Agnew in the past showed considerable restraint in burying their old adversary. Others who had been relatively sympathetic, perhaps feeling that they had been betrayed, were more harsh.

Speaking hours after Agnew resigned, NBC's David Brinkley—long a favorite Agnew target—described Agnew returning to Baltimore as "a tragic and almost pathetic figure." A night later, CBS's Eric Sevareid paraphrased an English proverb to suggest that Agnew's sins dimmed in comparison with those of the Watergate malefactors: "Agnew was stealing the goose from off the common, while they were trying to steal the common from the goose."

The New York Times, Washington Post and Boston Globe agreed that the Justice Department's willingness to make a lenient deal, though it spared Agnew the penalty he might have received, was in the national interest. The Times observed that a private citizen would have fared far worse. "It is also

true," the paper said, "that for a public official who rose so high, disgrace and banishment from public life are severe punishment indeed."

One liberal paper that exulted over Agnew's fall was the *Berkshire Eagle*. It called the resignation a "thunderclap of good news" that "removed from the proximity of the Oval Office a grotesque and long dead albatross whose reek was besmirching the American image everywhere." From the right wing, Manchester (N.H.) *Union Leader* Editor-Publisher William Loeb let stand a pre-resignation editorial that had blasted news leaks damaging to Agnew. In a brief updating statement, Loeb voiced his paper's "regret" that the "vicious dis-



PUBLISHER HIRSCH WITH AGNEW COVER
Failing to startle.

torters in the press now have a chance to get off the hook and not have to reveal their sources."

Most middle-road and conservative papers spoke for those who had believed in Agnew's innocence or who had felt that he was being treated unfairly. Said the *Atlanta Journal*: "It was as if Santa Claus had been revealed as a dirty old man." Detroit *News* Columnist Pete Waldmeir declared that "Spiro Agnew owes us all an apology. He took our trust and ground it into the dirt. He treated us like fools, thumbed his nose at duty, honor, country."

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* admitted its "disappointment that Agnew has been dishonest in more than his tax reports. He attempted to deceive the American public with his protestations of innocence and his insistence that he would not resign... Most of the 'damn lies' about Agnew seemed to have been told by him."

New Times's Party

After raising \$1.7 million to found a biweekly magazine, Publisher George Hirsch was understandably jubilant. His enthusiastic selling convinced backers that his project would fill the gap that he thinks exists between weekly news-magazines and monthlies like *Harper's* and *Atlantic*. He had also corralled such notable New, Recent and Old Journalists as Jimmy Breslin, Larry L. King, J. Anthony Lukas, Joe McGinniss, Studs Terkel, Nicholas von Hoffman and Murray Kempton. So the promotional brochures for Hirsch's *New Times* were festive. A color drawing of some of the writers in a party setting carried the tongue-in-cheek warning: "Huddled in a congenial bar off lower Park Avenue, there lurks a band of renegades who at this very moment are plotting an outrageous assault on the time-honored traditions of gentlemen's journalism." The ad also quotes Breslin's encomium on his colleagues: "There's not a thinker in the crowd."

The first issue of *New Times*, out last week, is a slight letdown. Handsomely packaged, often stylishly written, Volume 1, No. 1 does not quite live up to its billing. "Part of the excitement of putting together this magazine," Hirsch writes, "is that you never know what will happen when you unleash hard-working, honest reporters and ask them to bring back the truth." What sometimes happens, evidently, is that they bring back truths that fail to startle.

Enticing Puff. Marshall Frady, for example, trailed Senator Sam Ervin back home to North Carolina. *New Times* headlines Frady's piece HANG DOWN YOUR HEAD, SAM ERVIN, and adds the enticing puff: "How the chairman of the Watergate Committee was lured, not by a White House play but by his own ego, into buffoonery." The trivial incident merely involves Ervin being snookered by show-biz types into making a commercial recording of his favorite quotations and anecdotes à la the late Senator Everett Dirksen. Whatever the wisdom of Ervin's performance, it hardly seems to rate the breathless treatment *New Times* gives it.

Joe McGinniss, after a visit to the Watergate hearings, returns with the unsurprising news of dissension in the Senate committee and its staff. Short pieces on what people were saying about Spiro Agnew in a Baltimore bar and around Palm Springs suggest that reporters who sit around and listen might be better off going out and digging.

These stories were also rendered obsolete by Agnew's resignation a day after *New Times* hit the newsstands. The cover picture, Agnew's face superimposed on a golf ball, gained new force—leaving aside questions of taste. The supporting story—a two-page list of assorted



"Coverages don't overlap too often but even once is too often...it's a waste of money!"



"We should buy it altogether from one agent...that's one way we could save."



"Any liability while hunting, boating, golfing, any sport...we're covered."



"We've got a snowmobile, a boat and trailer, and an all-terrain vehicle... they're all covered in our Homeowner's Altogether Protection."



"A \$50,000 life policy could cost a lot, but not when it's altogether like Perma-Term...that's permanent and term insurance combined."



"Yes, children too! I gave my grandson an Altogether Life Policy before he could walk."



"We wouldn't buy two tractors if we just needed one...why pay twice for the same insurance?"



"Sure, when you're driving a borrowed car too."



"Yes, dear...of course it's affordable, dear. It's altogether."

it's better
altogether



Auto-Owners Insurance
Life Home Car Business



Even if you pull in here just to wash your hands,
I'm going to wash your windows.

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The way things are today, I need all the friends
I can get.

So when I see you coming into my station, I'm
going to be very friendly.

I'm not only going to wash your front window,
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I'll take a look at your tires, check your oil and
your battery. I'll even check your hat and coat
if it makes you happy.

And if you have a
Sunoco Credit Card,
you'll get special deals
from Sunoco on tires,
batteries and just about everything I sell here.



Now I'm not doing all this stuff to win a
popularity contest. I'm doing it because I have
to make more friends.

So try me. I can be very friendly.

I CAN BE VERY FRIENDLY.

Photographed at The City of Refuge, Kona Coast, Big Island of Hawaii



Ask him about the rock singers of Hawaii.

He'll be happy to tell you the story of Hawaii's stones because he loves the legend. He also loves to scare visitors a little.

It seems that if you remove the lava stones from one of our ancient Hawaiian shrines, the stones sing at night. A kapu (Hawaiian taboo) has been placed on them, so they wail until they're replaced.

Old magic like this is still alive and well in modern Hawaii. But it's blended with other gentler kinds. We think you'll enjoy the switch-abouts we do.

For after we've scared you with singing stones and an angry fire goddess who lives in the active volcanoes on the Big Island of Hawaii, we'll surround you with delicate orchids. In Hilo, the orchid capital of the world, we don't slump. So wear them in your hair and around your neck. They're our sign of friendship and we want you in the fold.

Everywhere you go on the Island of Hawaii, you'll find you're making friends fast. In Kona a deep sea fisherman will stop to tell you about the 500 pound marlin he caught. Here, that's no exaggeration. And inland, a Hawaiian cowboy may treat you to a slack-key guitar serenade. You might be asked to join a wild boar hunt on a volcano's slopes. Or you can witness our more ancient fearful side at the City of Refuge where Hawaiians once sought sanctuary from angry gods and kings.

But today the welcome's warm on all our six islands. Palm-rimmed beaches seem to beckon only you. Waterfalls invite you to splash with them in pools below. The hills spread out a soft green blanket perfect for a noontime snooze. And a rainbow almost everyday tells you the best is yet to come.

It is. In the eagerness of an old sea hand who bends your ear with secret stories of his whaling port's rowdy past. In the antics of an invisible Menehune who may leave a flower on your pillow. And in the smile of a waitress who really cares whether you enjoy your meal. She's got plenty of Hawaiian spirit...a magic no one else can match.

Talk it over with your travel agent. He has some magic of his own. He can make you disappear to Hawaii just like that.

Hawaii

IT'S MORE THAN A PRETTY PLACE

On behalf of the Islands of Hawaii, Kauai, Lanai, Maui, Molokai and Oahu

THE PRESS

choices to succeed the Vice President—is timely but frivolous. Eugene McCarthy nominates Pat Nixon, Cartoonist Jules Feiffer likes Bebe Rebozo, Senator William Saxton votes for himself.

Colorful Crew. A number of other features are far more satisfying. The front of the magazine is dominated by staccato reportage under the heading "The Insider." The terse items on politics, journalism, show business and consumer affairs are uniformly lively and informative. A full-length piece by Joan Barthel attacking the stratospheric costs of medical care is solidly done. Ruth Gruber contributes an absorbing profile of Valery Panov, the Russian dancer whom Soviet authorities are persecuting because he wants to emigrate to Israel.

Publisher Hirsch and Editor Steve Gelman, both 39, are bright comers in the magazine field. Hirsch, after working as assistant publisher for Time-Life International, was publisher of *New York* for four years. Gelman was LIFE's articles editor for 3½ years. The print order for the first issue was 300,000, but Hirsch is basing his ad rates on an initial paid circulation of 100,000. With 38 ad pages in the first issue, *New Times* has already won some support from advertisers. Its name talent is sure to attract reader interest. With a little experience in working together, *New Times*'s colorful crew should throw some brighter parties in the future.

Before the first issue went to press, two writers whose names had figured prominently in Hirsch's promotional efforts defected noisily. Jack Newfield, an investigative reporter and assistant editor of the *Village Voice*, and Pete Hamill, a New York *Post* columnist, demanded that their names be removed from the masthead. Along with Studs Terkel, who remains as a contributor, they sent a letter to *New Times*'s other contributing editors complaining about compensation and financing arrangements.

Crusader Newfield is particularly irked by the way Hirsch raised money. The Chase Manhattan Bank was one of the large investors. Newfield is "troubled by the presence of Rockefeller money in a magazine that pretends to be liberal or radical." (A principal owner of Newfield's paper is Millionaire S. Carter Burden.) Newfield also accuses Hirsch of failing to give the contributing editors—who are to receive shares of stock in addition to fees—a full explanation of the company's financial scaffolding and of special arrangements made with Breslin and a literary agent representing some of the writers.

Hirsch points out that the major backers have been known publicly since last March (though the "privacy" of some shareholders has been protected so far). Says he: "It's a lot of re-dherrring stuff." Though the incident marred *New Times*'s opening, negotiations between Hirsch and the dissidents were continuing—through a lawyer.

THE LAW

Pair of Dockets

The nine Supreme Court Justices were back on the job last week "in a good mental set and ready to go," as one of them put it after looking over his colleagues. They had to be, for the unusually heavy pressures and duties facing the court this term were felt almost immediately. In their first important determination of the year, the Justices declined for the moment to consider the President's right to impound congressionally authorized funds.

At least 37 suits are currently attacking impoundment in courts around the country. Both Georgia and the Justice Department had urged that their dispute should be heard directly by the Supreme Court so that the whole issue could be settled quickly. The court did not explain last week why it chose not to exercise its constitutional power of original jurisdiction, and the case will now apparently go to a federal district court for trial.

But even without impoundment, there is looming over the court a phantom docket of cases that have not yet been formally presented to the Justices but almost certainly will be. And all involve challenges to presidential powers. Unlike the neutral result of the action on the Georgia impoundment suit, these other cases will come up with lower-court rulings that will stand if the Supreme Court declines to review.

The most critical test is the confrontation between President Nixon and Special Watergate Prosecutor Archibald Cox over nine White House tape recordings, which now goes to the high court (see THE NATION). The Senate Watergate committee's fight for some of the same tapes is still before the trial judge, but it may also have to be dealt with by the court this term. Meanwhile, a Ralph Nader group is seeking access to presidential papers that, it believes, will show an improper connection between an increase in federal milk-price supports and Nixon campaign contributions from milk producers. The Supreme Court will thus have an opportunity to consider Executive privilege against the competing interests of, respectively, a criminal prosecutor, the Congress and private citizens.

Congressional v. presidential authority is also involved in a suit over a Nixon pocket veto of a medical education bill during a five-day recess in 1970. Senator Edward Kennedy, a co-sponsor of the bill, went to court contending that the pocket veto power was meant for use only when Congress was in adjournment. He recently won in the trial court, and the appeals are now under way. Further in the future, the court may also have to consider whether the President's national security power legally justified the office burglary of Daniel Ellsberg's

psychiatrist, as former Presidential Adviser John Ehrlichman is now arguing.

By contrast, the issues on the court's actual docket are not, concedes one Justice, "particularly exciting." Nonetheless, important cases are pending in which the Justices are asked to:

► Sharply undercut the exclusionary rule barring the use of illegally seized evidence by permitting it to be introduced in court if the improper police conduct was not "outrageous."

► Decide whether a judge can order busing across district lines to desegregate public schools.

► Declare sex discrimination as constitutionally suspect as race discrimination, thereby rendering the equal

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY BASEMAN



Above it all?

rights amendment largely superfluous.

► Limit class actions by tightening the standards under which such suits may be maintained.

► Uphold a taxpayer's right to discover the heretofore secret CIA budgets.

The court has not scheduled any case that could markedly clarify last June's pornography ruling; however, a decision by the Georgia Supreme Court—upholding a local finding that the film *Carnal Knowledge* was obscene—may yet reach the high bench.

A Second Sirhan?

Eight eyewitnesses say that they saw Sirhan Bishara Sirhan assassinate Robert F. Kennedy in the jammed serving pantry of the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles on June 5, 1968. Unlike Lee Harvey Oswald, who was killed before he could be tried, or James Earl Ray, who pleaded guilty before being brought

THE LAW

before a jury of his peers, Sirhan was given a lengthy public trial and was convicted of murder in the first degree. Despite the seemingly overwhelming evidence that Sirhan acted alone, a 110-minute accusatorial documentary film that opened in New York last week suggests that there was a second gunman in the hotel pantry, who actually fired the fatal shot.

The film, *The Second Gun*, is the brainchild of Theodore Charach, a Los Angeles-based freelance broadcaster. Charach was at the scene of the shooting, and has been opportunistically working on his thesis ever since, despite rebuffs from state and local officials, other journalists and Kennedy friends. After finding a few backers, he and French Film Maker Gerard Alcan patched together the film, which relies essentially on these points:

- ▶ A maître d'hôtel at the Ambassador, Karl Uecker, told Charach that he was ushering Kennedy by the hand toward the exit when Sirhan stepped up in front of him and began firing; the maître d' says that Sirhan was never behind Kennedy and that the assassin's revolver was never closer to Kennedy than 1½ ft.—a fact that Charach says has not been contradicted by any other witness.

- ▶ Los Angeles Coroner Thomas Noguchi, after an autopsy, testified that three bullets entered the Senator's body from the rear and that the fatal shot was fired into his brain from only inches behind his right ear.

- ▶ A hotel security guard, Thane Eugene Cesar, was behind Kennedy, drew his gun, and at the time owned a .22-cal. revolver similar to Sirhan's.

- ▶ A messenger for a local TV station claimed that he had seen a security guard fire back at the assassin—or perhaps at Kennedy.

- ▶ William Harper, a criminalist who regularly serves as an expert ballistics witness, and who went over some of the evidence after the trial, is quoted in the film as saying that two of the bul-

lets recovered at the scene were fired by different weapons. *Ipsa facto*, the second gun.

Or is it *ipso* twist? The film appears to be at least as much doctored as documentary. For instance, the narration clearly implies that Coroner Noguchi's autopsy findings got him in trouble and prompted his removal from office. In fact, the removal related to a wide range of matters, and Noguchi was reinstated. Criminalist Harper says that his studies are inaccurately represented in the film, and are not complete. Various other witnesses contend that the TV messenger was not even in the room at the time of the shooting, that Guard Cesar did not draw his gun until after Sirhan had fired his last shots, that Sirhan's gun was initially only inches from Kennedy's turned head.

Conspiratorial theories surround all the tragic assassinations of modern U.S. history. What makes *The Second Gun* superficially plausible is that Sirhan's trial scarcely touched on the factual conflicts raised by the film. Sirhan's defense admitted his guilt but maintained that because of his mental state he had only a "diminished responsibility" for the act. Defense Attorney Grant Cooper concedes that his cross-examination of some prosecution witnesses was therefore less than tough. "What was the sense of wasting time on these things?" he asks. There may have been no sense tactically, since there was never any doubt that Sirhan had at least tried to assassinate Kennedy. But in mounting a mental-illness defense, Sirhan's lawyers did not subject the police and district attorney's version of what happened to the kind of challenge normally carried out in adversary proceedings. Thus the questioning of discrepancies has been left to the fertile imagination of conspiracy buffs.

In his polemical zeal to point out discrepancies left unresolved in the courtroom, Charach raises another serious question: the validity of his own cut-and-splice technique of trial by celluloid.

ROBERT KENNEDY AFTER BEING SHOT



CHARACH HOLDING BALLISTICS PHOTOS



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lower in 'tar'
than the
best-selling
70mm.



filter that's long on taste.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

PALL MALL GOLD 100's... "tar" 20 mg.—nicotine, 1.4 mg.
Best-selling 70 mm..... "tar" 25 mg.—nicotine, 1.6 mg.
Of all brands, lowest..... "tar" 2 mg.—nicotine, 0.2 mg.
20 mg. "tar" 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '73

WASTES FROM RESERVE MINING CO. TACONITE PLANT BEING DUMPED INTO LAKE SUPERIOR

DAN MCELROY

ENVIRONMENT

Crisis in Silver Bay

When the Reserve Mining Co. opened its huge iron ore plant in northern Minnesota in 1955, there was no problem attracting labor. Thousands of workers jumped at the promise of high wages, dazzling views of Lake Superior from an attractive company town called Silver Bay, and the good moose and partridge hunting in the area. Now, however, the jobs, the plant and the town itself are in danger of extinction. In a complex court case now in its twelfth week, the Government is suing to halt Reserve Mining from dumping 67,000 tons of ore wastes per day into Lake Superior, charging that it is dangerously polluting the once pristine lake, depleting herring fisheries and releasing toxic asbestos fibers into the water.

Since the case was filed in Minneapolis last year, it has grown into a classic confrontation between economics and environment. Closing the plant, argues Reserve, would idle the company work force of 3,050 and eliminate some 12,000 subsidiary jobs in the region. "The town would simply disappear," says City Attorney Wayne Johnson.

Two decades ago, Reserve Mining perfected its technique for economically extracting iron from a gray rock called taconite, which previously was considered to have too low an iron content for commercial mining and processing. Today the plant, producing 15% of the nation's iron ore, is a solid money-maker for its owners, Armco Steel Corp. and Republic Steel Corp. One reason for the profits: By dumping "tailings," or waste sand, into Lake Superior, the company

saves some \$25,000 a day over the costs of hauling them to disposal sites on land.

Reserve Mining has been under attack by environmentalists over the dumping issue for six years. A persistent federal biologist named Louis Williams opened the attack by making a 10-month study of the plant's operation on his own initiative. He concluded in a 1967 report that the tailings were not, as the company contended, falling harmlessly to the lake bottom. Instead, he said, they were partially dissolving and releasing into the water nutrients that hasten the growth of algae.

Block Humor. When a subsequent Interior Department report backed up Williams' conclusions, environmentalists all around the Great Lakes began pressuring the state and Federal Government for action. In February 1972 the Justice Department responded by bringing the present suit.

Most worrisome to lakeshore residents was a report by the Environmental Protection Agency last June that asbestos fibers were contaminating the drinking water of Duluth, some 60 miles from Silver Bay. So far during the trial, 22 Government witnesses, including physicians, biologists and chemists, have pinpointed the mining plant as the source of the fibers.

Reserve Mining, which began arguing its defense last month, is expected to present evidence of its own to dispute the Government's 48 claims against it. The company says that the tailings have "no significant adverse effect" on the lake, and that they sink harmlessly to the bottom. Any asbestos, according to the company, comes

from streams and rivers around the lake.

All the publicity has generated a climate of fear that takes the form of black humor at the Silver Bay Tavern, where patrons order "bourbon and asbestos." Silver Bay residents know that there are few other good jobs for hundreds of miles around. They are thus fiercely loyal to the company and furious at the Government, the conservationists and the news media. "We don't think there's a health issue," says Mayor Frank Scheuring. "Nothing has been proved yet."

Each side is determined to win. The Government has already spent more than \$5,000,000 on the trial, and Reserve Mining plans to call no fewer than 75 witnesses. The trial has become a political whirlpool, and savvy politicians like Minnesota Governor Wendell Anderson are trying to swim clear. Even U.S. District Judge Miles Lord, who is hearing the case without a jury, is feeling pressure. To ensure his own impartiality, he has taken the unusual step of hiring experts to make an independent study of the extent of water pollution and the effects, if any, on residents in the Duluth-Silver Bay region.

Controlling the Strippers

Every week, some 1,000 acres of America's land are strip-mined. Giant power shovels tear off the topsoil and expose the underlying seams of coal. After the glistening black mineral is loosened by explosives, earth movers gouge it up and dump it into huge waiting trucks. The process is so much cheaper and easier than deep-mining that more than 50% of the U.S.'s coal comes from sur-

face mines. Trouble is, in only about half the strip-mining operations is the ravaged land filled in—and even then it seldom can be returned to productive use for years.

Last week, by an overwhelming 82-8 margin, the Senate voted to halt the environmental excesses of strip-mining. Sponsored by Washington Democrat Henry M. Jackson and Montana Democrat Lee Metcalf, the bill requires the Federal Government to draw up tough minimum standards for surface mining within six months after enactment of the legislation. After that, the states have another 16 months to put the standards into effect; the Federal Government will enforce its regulations in any state that takes inadequate action. Among the Senate's ground rules:

- Strip-miners must restore the land to its "approximate original contour," thus eliminating all hillside gashes, depressions in or piles of soil on the earth. In addition, the miners can no longer dump debris over hillsides.

- There can be no strip-mining on homesteaded land (mainly in Montana, the Dakotas and Wyoming) where the Federal Government owns the mineral rights but private individuals own surface rights. Under current law, the Government can lease its mineral rights to industry, which can then mine the deposits at will.

- Surface mining will be allowed only after mine operators issue a statement describing how they will repair the land and post a bond to ensure that their plans will be carried out.

"The bill is a disaster," says Carl Bagge, director of the National Coal Association. Bagge is especially critical of the provision requiring restoration of the land to its original contour: "It precludes us from employing other reclamation techniques that could leave the land suitable for a higher social and economic use [like creating lakes in abandoned pit mines] than it was in its original state." The bill will also raise coal prices; the cost of restoring the land, about 60¢ per ton of coal, will be passed along to the consumer.

Ironically, the bill does not fully satisfy environmentalists, either. They urge amendments prohibiting strip-mining on steep slopes, as in Appalachia, which are virtually impossible to restore to their original contours. Moreover, complains Louise Dunlap, coordinator of the Washington-based Coalition Against Strip Mining, the legislation fails 1) to protect Indian-reservation land above rich coal deposits; 2) to curb the power of coal companies that own mineral rights to strip-mine their deposits without the written consent of a surface owner.

Senator Jackson is unfazed by the criticism. He argues that the bill "strikes a balance between strong environmental protection and the need for coal as an energy source." Next step: action by the House, where the Interior Committee is working on similar legislation.



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How to Handle Dropouts

Students are free to smoke in the toilet and take food into the classroom. They sharpen their wits by playing a classroom version of the television game show *Jeopardy!* Field trips have included a canoe trip to learn firsthand how pollutants poison a river. A recent guest lecturer gave a frank talk on how to run a quick-fry chicken outlet.

So goes the educational process—at least for some teen-agers—in the tiny (pop. 1,400) Ohio town of Mount Orab. The unorthodox program is the town's proud answer to a universal problem: how to deal with dropouts. In Mount Orab, the problem has been severe: for

With assistance from Ohio's statewide vocational-education program, they launched a class for dropouts. Since it started in July last year, it has become such a hit that some regular high school students have been tempted to drop out to join up. Indeed, a second class had to be formed this year. One reason is obviously Lodwick's down-to-earth approach to learning.

Grocery Math. No exercise the students perform is called a test. Instead, the class carries out weekly and monthly "agendas," which may include filling out math work sheets based on grocery ads in the local newspapers, or conducting a tough cross-examination of Mount Orab's vice-mayor on local government. "I'd rather have my class go to see a city council meeting or fix the city's fire hydrants than sit in school all day," says Lodwick. "They're not going to use algebra and Latin, but they might want to run for council or be a fireman some day."

The program has become an immediate boon to the community. Students work each afternoon on jobs that Lodwick helped them land, and Lodwick marches them to the local bank once a week to deposit 10% of what they earn. One boy runs the projector at the local drive-in, another who loves horses helps at the town tack shop. One has worked out so well on a nearby cattle ranch that the owner wants to pay the youngster's tuition at agricultural college.

Perhaps the most important thing that Lodwick's students learn is self-esteem. Says one: "Now we know we're not dummies." Adds another: "We used to be nothing, now we're something." All of which is most fulfilling to Innovative Educator Lodwick, who confesses that he has not enjoyed himself so much since he was 19 and a bodyguard to General Dwight D. Eisenhower during World War II. "I love these kids," he says. "I think school should be taught this way no matter what you're teaching. I'd take this program anywhere, to any city, to the gates of hell. It would work."

Survival Is Not Enough

For more than five years, blue-and-white-jacketed reports written or sponsored by the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education have been emerging from its Berkeley, Calif., offices with the seeming regularity of Vegas coming off the line at Lordstown. Originally set up by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching to examine the financing of higher education, the commission's task quickly broadened. Its 104 reports, running in size from a 978-page statistical survey to slim booklets of less than 40 pages, have probed such diverse facets as student dissent and dental education. Last week, with the publication

of its final report, *Priorities for Action*, the project came to an end.

In tone and philosophy, the commission's output reflects the optimistic views of its chairman, Clark Kerr, longtime president of the University of California. Kerr had already agreed to act as the commission's part-time chairman when in January 1967, he was abruptly fired for his opposition to Governor Ronald Reagan's budget-cutting plans for U.C. Working virtually full time for the commission, Kerr led its support for the basic structure of the present U.S. higher educational system. Though the system is now undergoing "its greatest trauma of self-doubt," notes the final report, the commission has "faith in its potential for continued vitality."

Necessary Changes. Nevertheless, the 18-member commission urges reform and innovation to strengthen the system. "Survival, with memories of past glories, is not enough of a program for higher education as it approaches the year 2000," says the report. The commission believes that higher education will inevitably become available to all who want it, but that the shift will necessitate changes in the practices of learning institutions, governments and even parents. Specific recommendations range from urging the Federal Government to "take basic responsibility for providing equality of opportunity through financial aid" to telling parents not to press reluctant children too hard to attend college.

Inevitably, Kerr and his colleagues have their critics. Says Donald McDonald, executive editor of *The Center Magazine*, "The Carnegie Commission study is not going to persuade professors or administrators to ask themselves any hard, self-critical questions about what they are doing or the way they are doing it." In reply, Kerr cites a variety of innovations that he believes the commission helped achieve, including increased federal financial aid to needy students, better techniques for educating doctors and nurses, and growth in the state community college movement.

The gravest criticism of the commission is that it has focused upon the structure rather than the content of higher education. Kerr answers that the commission deliberately avoided such controversial areas as teaching and curriculum, and "tried to hold out for things that could be done." Even Alan Pifer, president of the Carnegie Corporation, which paid the commission's bills, has admitted to feeling "somewhat wistful" that the commission did not tackle the thorny problem of undergraduate liberal education. But he stresses that the commission's function was to provoke discussion and thought, not to provide a blueprint. Says he: "The Carnegie Corporation has gotten its money's worth." Total price tag: \$6.3 million.



LODWICK WITH STUDENTS ON FARM
"Now we're something."

every 200 youngsters who graduated from the town's high school each year, 50 would drop out, often to do little more than hang out on the corner under the town's only streetlight.

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Eating with Chopsticks. (Bottom left) One of the Many Different Ways to Use Them. (Top)



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JOHN SACK WITH WILLIAM CALLEY

Cog Ergo Sum

THE MAN-EATING MACHINE

by JOHN SACK

177 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$6.95.

Nature abhors its vacuums, and man cannot abide free-floating guilt. But scapegoats are getting harder to find these days (*vide* Richard Nixon and his Watergate problems). After My Lai, the U.S. Army thought they had a pretty good sacrificial offering in Lieut. William Calley—until corrosion began eating its way up the chain of command. The Army's containment plan was not helped by Journalist John Sack, who moved in with Calley for one of those total immersions that have become the baptismal rites of the New Journalism.

The result was 60 tape-recorded hours of Calley's own words about truth, military honor and My Lai, a virtual confession that resulted in a controversial magazine article, a book and even a subpoena, when the Army tried to get hold of the tapes.

Sack, also the author of *M*, was not out to hang little "Rusty" Calley with his own words. Quite the opposite. The intention was to show that Calley was what Sack now calls a "brass instrument" through which the order to execute My Lai villagers was trumpeted. The blame is then pinned on The System, of course.

In *The Man-Eating Machine* Sack artfully enlarges his vision of the System as Superscapegoat for the Superstate. Basically the book consists of profiles of four Viet Nam veterans. But it is also a metaphor that has been duly certified by such thinkers as Marx, Veblen, Jacques Ellul, Lewis Mumford and Siegfried Giedion (*Mechanization Takes Command*). The theme is familiar, though no less enticing for having been subject to countless clichés. The over-

simplified version goes like this: As technological systems grow more complex, individuals grow less responsible for controlling the consequences.

Sack swallows these abstractions whole, yet the characters in his book are concrete enough, and very real indeed. Varoujan Demirian is an ex-G.I. in Viet Nam who thought he had a problem—he was there for a year, says Sack, without ever killing a Communist. Robert Melvin is a black Viet veteran now totally committed to working his way up the executive ladder at a Madison Avenue advertising agency. Another black, Vantee Thompson, came home from search-and-destroy missions to find himself on riot-control duty in Baltimore, his own people becoming as hard to understand as the Viet Cong.

Chic Anarchy. Finally Sack trots out Calley again, this time interviewed before his trial while he was playing tourist in New York. Dressed in a brown tweed suit with a credit card in his wallet, Calley glues himself to a telescope atop the Empire State Building and looks for sunbathing girls. Downstairs it's a four-Bloody Mary lunch and reminiscences about Asian whores. "Normal, normal," says Sack, "like sugar in water, he had been dropped in a city street scene but he didn't displace anything." It is a little late in the century, though, to be wowed by this monster-next-door approach to evil.

Sack enters Calley's head at crucial moments to deliver other thoughts that often seem inconsistent with the man-is-only-a-cog theory that permeates the book. Calley decides to tell the truth at his trial, says Sack, because "a lie violated the inner consistency of what every soldier did in Viet Nam." He is thus viewed as a loyal robot unable to make moral distinctions, while at the same time Sack tells us about Calley's intelligence and honor. Few readers are likely to swallow such contradictions. Despite Sack's intent to exculpate Calley, the My Lai triggerman (still confined to base at Fort Benning) comes across as a very shrewd robot, cynically using the truth to embarrass the Army and deflect his own guilt.

Sack never actually denies either the need for or the possibility of free will and individual guilt and responsibility. Instead he slides into the sticky, popular claim that "We are all William Calley." The preposterous implication being that none of us cogs can be guilty of anything. "To absent oneself is the only innocent act," says Sack sententiously, "to accept uncertainty, to trust oneself and to walk quietly out on the great dictator, the incontestable expert, to undo every organization and let every organism turn to the rhythms within." For a man who apparently operates very well within the man-eating machine, this is anarchy at its most chic. ■ R.Z. Sheppard

Jenkins Ear Again

TEMPORARY KINGS

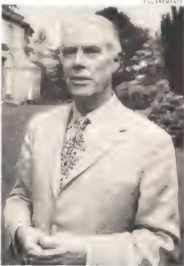
by ANTHONY POWELL

280 pages. Little, Brown, \$6.95.

Anthony Powell's *roman fleuve*, *A Dance to the Music of Time*, is turning into a dance of death. With this eleventh of a projected twelve volumes, the series—chronicling the ebbs and flows of English upper-class life since the first World War—is nearly played out. Already the narrative extends across 40 years to about 1958, outdistancing many of the lives it recounts. Powell's narrator and alter ego, Nicholas Jenkins, is now in his 50s, an age that, he ruefully notes, confirms one's "worst suspicions about life."

The setting for most of the new installment is Venice—Thomas Mann's Venice as well as, say, Casanova's—where Jenkins and the other major characters have assembled for an international conference. For the moment they are living like kings in sinking *palazzi*, but Jenkins reflects that they are only temporary kings like those in *The Golden Bough*: marked, after their brief ascendancy, for death. By the end of the book that death proves to be literal for several; for others, it takes the symbolic form of loss of virility, humiliation or merely a return to everyday life.

Powell is hardly a writer to get lugubrious about all this. As in his earlier volumes he maintains, through Jenkins, the tolerantly amused air of a man who can come to terms with almost anything, preferably over drinks and with some gossip and a laugh or two thrown in. He can even endure Kenneth Widmerpool, that bumptious, obtuse careerist who has moved like an inexorable force



ANTHONY POWELL
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plies exhausted, babies abandoned by unwed mothers.

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BOOKS

through the entire series. Widmerpool, it now appears, is never going to get the comeuppance he deserves. In *Temporary Kings* he has a close scrape over a bit of cold-war espionage, but extricates his questionable honor and career, typically, at the expense of someone else's reputation.

It is Widmerpool's wife Pamela, an elegant harpie who was visited upon him like a judgment in Powell's previous volume, *Books Do Furnish a Room* (1971), who now moves to center stage. As promiscuous and frigid as ever, she lends a macabre sexual touch to dreadful Widmerpool's international intriguing. She also ensnares Powell's two important new characters—Louis Globber and Russel Gwinnett.

This pair, both Americans, illustrate Powell's penchant for isolating national and temperamental types. Globber is a sixtyish, playboy film producer, a self-made man up from Jewish-immigrant slums, who takes a snippet of pubic hair from every woman he seduces. Gwinnett is a withdrawn, thirtyish academic, a descendant of Button Gwinnett, the first signer of the Constitution, who has a whiff of necrophilia in his makeup. Both are drawn to Pamela partly because of her infamous liaison (in *Books Do Furnish a Room*) with the late writer X. (for nothing, not for Xavier) Trapnel, the possible source of a film for Globber, a biography for Gwinnett.

The interlocking motives of the Widmerpools and the two Americans suggest that Powell is heading toward some conclusion about sex, death and power. By the end of *Kings* it has not emerged clearly. Will his finale be an elegiac, dying fall? A vest-pocket apocalypse, with history hounding his characters as relentlessly as mortality? Hard to say. But he leaves his characters frozen in poses and gestures that have enough teasing significance to keep readers ruminating until the final volume comes out.

Naked Wife. For all his use of musical metaphors, Powell really works like a painter. His characters do not so much act within his frame as carry their histories in with them. Powell rearranges them, models and highlights them, then steps back to give a leisurely commentary on his composition. In *Temporary Kings*, as if to underline the affinity, he creates an imaginary Tiepolo based on the ancient Lydian legend about Candaules, the king who exhibited his wife naked to his friend Gyges, only to be killed and succeeded by Gyges.

The way in which Powell invests the whole of the book with parallels, variations and ironic reversals of this legend is wondrously rich and subtle. For the reader, however, the pleasure of tracing all these connections has a price: care, patience and a knowledge of several previous volumes. One of X. Trapnel's dicta was: "Reading novels needs almost as much talent as writing them." A half-truth, but never truer than with Powell. ■ Christopher Porterfield

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After all, why should you care if I make \$9.50 profit if I can show you how to make a lot more?

What if I'm so sure that you will make money my Lazy Man's Way that I'll make you the world's most unusual guarantee?

And here it is: I won't even cash your check or money order for 31 days after I've sent you my material.

That'll give you plenty of time to get it, look it over, try it out.

If you don't agree that it's worth at least a hundred times what you invested, send it back. Your uncashed check or money order will be put in the return mail.

The only reason I won't send it to you and bill you or send it C.O.D. is because both these methods involve more time and money.

And I'm already going to give you the biggest bargain of your life.

Because I'm going to tell you what it took me 11 years to perfect: How to make money the Lazy Man's Way.

O.K.—now I have to brag a little. I don't mind it. And it's necessary—to prove that sending me 10 dollars... which I'll keep "in escrow" until you're satisfied... is the smartest thing you ever did.

I live in a home that's worth \$100,000. I know it is, because I turned down an offer for that much. My mortgage is less than half that, and the only reason I haven't paid it off is because my Tax Accountant says I'd be an idiot.

My "office," about a mile and a half from my home, is right on the beach. My view is so breathtaking that most people comment that they don't see how I get any work done. But I do enough. About 6 hours a day, 8 or 9 months a year.

The rest of the time we spend at

our mountain "cabin." I paid \$30,000 for it—cash.

I have 2 boats and a Cadillac. All paid for.

We have stocks, bonds, investments, cash in the bank. But the most important thing I have is priceless: time with my family.

And I'll show you just how I did it—the Lazy Man's Way—a secret I've shared with just a few friends 'til now.

It doesn't require "education." I'm a high school graduate.

It doesn't require "capital." When I started out, I was so deep in debt that a lawyer friend advised bankruptcy as the only way out. He was wrong. We paid off our debts and, outside of the mortgage, don't owe a cent to any man.

It doesn't require "luck." I've had more than my share, but I'm not promising you that you'll make as much money as I have. And you may do better; I personally know one man who used these principles, worked hard, and made 11 million dollars in 8 years. But money isn't everything.

It doesn't require "talent." Just enough brains to know what to look for. And I'll tell you that.

It doesn't require "youth." One woman I worked with is over 70. She's travelled the world over, making all the money she needs, doing only what I taught her.

It doesn't require "experience." A widow in Chicago has been averaging \$25,000 a year for the past 5 years, using my methods.

What does it require? Belief. Enough to take a chance. Enough to absorb what I'll send you. Enough to put the principles into action. If you do just that—nothing more, nothing less—the results will be hard to believe. Remember—I guarantee it.

You don't have to give up your job. But you may soon be making so much money that you'll be able to. Once again—I guarantee it.

The wisest man I ever knew told me something I never forgot: "Most people are too busy earning a living to make any money."

Don't take as long as I did to find out he was right.

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If I return your material—for any reason—within that time, return my uncashed check or money order to me. On that basis, here's my ten dollars.

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Napoleon and the Shopkeeper

BALZAC
by V.S. PRITCHETT
272 pages. Knopf. \$15.

This is a kind of literary marriage that is becoming increasingly popular: a longish essay on a suitably cultural subject wedded to lavish and largely relevant illustration. In the case of *Balzac*, the union is not exactly bliss. One might wish to trade some of the Paris street scenes for more text, but the subject would probably overwhelm any possible approach.

Balzac wrote the way some men talk: compulsively, brilliantly, endlessly. In a

GETTUNGS ARCHIVE



BALZAC IN FAT CARICATURE
"He was there in the flesh."

career of only 21 years he managed to get down on paper all of France in the first half of the 19th century. He understood every nuance of provincial ambition, every deadly trap a great city lays impersonally for the young adventurer and the sick old man alike. Some of his characters' names have become interchangeable with vices—old man Grandet with avarice, Cousin Bette with envy. Balzac's masterpiece, *La Comédie Humaine*, contains 91 interwoven novels, and more than 2,000 characters. Its theme is the power of money.

Money was something Honoré de Balzac knew about intimately because his mirror manias were spending and collecting. A small man with comically short legs, he spent fortunes on clothes, bought gloves by the dozen and fancied bejeweled canes. Another passion was furniture, rugs and bric-a-brac. All his tastes were expensive and execrable. Imperial red, gold, white and black, Aubusson and Araby clamored in the many salons he decorated. The mistresses they

were meant to impress were humiliated to be found in them.

Balzac was born in 1799 in Touraine, the province of France that is perhaps least regional and most national in feeling. His family had sizable social ambitions, most of them never satisfied. They tried to force their son to be a lawyer, but from the moment Balzac encountered the library of his boring, squalid boarding school, he was totally committed to the life of the imagination.

His idol was Napoleon. He kept a little statue of the Emperor on his writing desk for inspiration. Balzac's opinion of his own worth was certainly Napoleonic: "I have the most extraordinary character. I am astonished by nothing more than myself." His goal was to do with his pen what Bonaparte had done with the sword. He succeeded. As V.S. Pritchett says, "His fecundity throbs, his power of documentation, his ubiquity as a novelist are extraordinary. There is the spy, pungent and pervasive sense that, in any sense, he was *there* and in the flesh."

Getting this gargantuan figure there on the page is Pritchett's task as a biographer, and in many ways he succeeds. He has a shrewd sense of the whole Balzac family, particularly the author's adoring mother and sister who alternately lent him money foolishly, connived with him against creditors and betrayed him to competing women.

Pritchett's knowledge of Balzac's body of writing is so well assimilated that he can call on it at will. There are no noisome transitions between "life" and "work." Fictional characters and stories are woven into the book as they reflect on Balzac's life or illustrate the boiling contradictions of his nature.

In one way, though, Pritchett disappoints. Too often the narrative is only a recital of debts, contracts, mistresses, houses and more debts without a sense of the relish with which this complicated and violent genius conducted his messy life. It may be that as a biographer Pritchett is too much of a smart, admiring English shopkeeper to do justice to this Napoleon of the pen. A little awe might have helped.

• Martha Duffy

Spies and Surfaces

THE SECOND DEATH OF RAMÓN MERCADER
by JORGE SEMPRUN
377 pages. Grove. \$7.95.

Can there be any point to writing a spy thriller in extreme slow motion? That is the sort of paradox that could only attract a French novelist who has also worked in French cinema—a man, in fact, like Jorge Semprun, who was born in Madrid but has lived in France since 1939, where he has won literary prizes and has written screenplays for films including *Costa-Gavras' Z*.

For 20 years it has been the preoccupation of French novelists of the nouveau roman—Alain Robbe-Grillet, Mark Saporta, et al.—to build their fictions exclusively from facts, objects, ap-

pearances, surfaces and the impressions of the moment. Even when the method works, the result is long-winded; but it can have the illusionist beauty of pointillism that only makes sense as the on-looker steps back.

Semprun's New Wave spy novel, accordingly, is sometimes hallucinatory, often irritating, always intricate. The opening is a microscopic examination of a scene by a Dutch canal bank. As Semprun's camera slowly pulls back it is Vermeer's *View of Delft*, hanging on its wall of the Mauritshuis in The Hague where it is being looked at by a man who thinks of himself as a spy, thinks of himself as being shadowed, and who may be a Spaniard, a businessman named Ramón Mercader, which happens also to be one of the names by which history knows a different secret agent—the man who assassinated Leon Trotsky.

None of these things is to be relied on. What is more certain is that this second Mercader's presence in Amsterdam has attracted agents from the CIA (mostly bumbling), from the KGB (more humane and more efficiently murderous), and from East Germany. Mercader appears to work with the Russians—but possibly has become a no-longer-useful and hence disposable double agent for them. Amsterdam is filled with other people who seem to bounce off him at random, including a henpecked French intellectual and an American writer at work on a screenplay about Trotsky. Over the novel hovers a controlling symbol, the reiterated memory of the ten minutes in the sunlit, walled garden in Mexico in 1939 when Trotsky was murdered with an Alpine pick. *Ramón Mercader* is death-obsessed which gives it its greatest strength.

• Horace Judson

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—The Billion Dollar Sure Thing, Erdman (2 last week)
- 2—The Hollow Hills, Stewart (1)
- 3—The Monarchy Consul, Greene (5)
- 4—World Without End, Amen, Bradin (3)
- 5—Breakfast of Champions, Vonnegut (4)
- 6—The Salamander, West (7)
- 7—Once Is Not Enough, Susann (8)
- 8—Harvest Home, Tryon (6)
- 9—North Dallas Forty, Gent
- 10—Facing the Lions, Wicker (9)

NONFICTION

- 1—The Joy of Sex, Comfort (1)
- 2—How to Be Your Own Best Friend, Newman & Berkowitz (2)
- 3—The Union Field, Wambaugh (5)
- 4—The Making of the President 1972, White (3)
- 5—Pentimento, Hallman
- 6—Sybil, Schreiber (4)
- 7—Buried Alive, Friedman (6)
- 8—Economics and the Public Purpose, Golbraith
- 9—Dr. Atkins' Diet Revolution, Atkins (7)
- 10—Survive the Savage Sea, Robertson (8)

Miracle III?

In an earlier and simpler age, there was only baseball. A really tight pennant race would drown out political campaigns in September, and kids were let out of school at World Series time. But, as everybody knows, faster and more violent sports have eclipsed the old national pastime.

Or have they? With last week's pennant playoffs, baseball suddenly recaptured so much suspense and emotion that Ring Lardner could not have written a better script. Winners of the National League's Western Division were the well-muscled Cincinnati Redlegs, with the best record (99 wins, 63 losses) and some of the mightiest hitters in the league. Up against the Big Red Machine stumbled the New York Mets, living proof that baseball is still a game of inches. Two months ago, Manager Yogi Berra was within inches of losing his job again (the New York Yankees dumped him in 1964) as the Mets floundered in the Eastern Division cellar, dispirited and haunted by injuries. After a spectacular September drive, the team won the division title by inches on the last day of the season. That was Miracle I, which rational men could dismiss as an unrepeatable quirk.

Like Lourdes. When the dust settled at Shea Stadium last week—literally settled, for maniacal fans made a fair attempt to atomize the ballpark—the Mets had stolen the series three games to two. Miracle II was worthy of a week at Lourdes. The Mets pitching, led by sore-shouldered Tom Seaver, held the Midwestern maulers to only eight runs in the five games. The asthenic Met batters, none of whom finished the regular season above .300, banged out a hearty 23 runs. Met Shortstop Bud Harrelson (155 lbs.) miraculously escaped maiming when his scuffle with Cincinnati's Pete Rose (189 lbs.) blossomed

into the best-watched brouhaha since the 1968 Democratic National Convention. Rose later escaped injury at the hands of garbage-throwing Mets fans.

The Mets even made the lame and the halt rise from their pallets to perform. Willie Mays, 42, sidelined with cracked ribs and due to retire at the end of the season, was sent in as a pinch hitter during the final game and scratch singled in a run. Willie was replacing Veteran Ed Kranepool, the last of the original Mets, who in turn was substituting for Rusty Staub. Staub, on a home-run jag, could not play in the fifth game because he slammed into an outfield wall making a crucial catch in game four. Kranepool performed on cue by getting a single that brought in two runs. Homemade banners in the stands said it all: YOU GOTTA BEE-LEEVIE.

While New York was outlasting Cincinnati, the 1972 World Champion Oakland Athletics were having their own tense five-game contest with the Baltimore Orioles in the American League playoffs. When the Orioles knocked out Oakland Ace Vida Blue (20-9) early in the first game and won it 6-0, there was hope in Baltimore that the home team's strong pitching staff, starring Jim Palmer (22-9), would prevail over Oakland's aces. But then came Oakland's other stone walls, Ken Holtzman and Jim ("Catfish") Hunter. They and Reliever Rollie Fingers stood their ground in three of the final four games as odorably as a goal-line defensive unit in that other sport.

Preparing to face the A's in the World Series, the Mets seemed to be asking too much: nothing less than Miracle III. Oakland has timely hitting, strong arms and bench strength. Manager Berra ("I'd rather be lucky than good") and his team have faith and a good memory. The Mets clearly remember 1969, when rational men said that faith was not enough.



BILL JENKINS AT AMARILLO STRIP

Grumpy the Drag King

Professional drag racing doesn't offer much in the way of fringe benefits or job security, but at least the hourly pay is difficult to beat. Last year, for exactly 46 minutes of racing, Bill ("Grumpy") Jenkins got \$260,000 (including \$110,000 for commercial endorsements). Barring an accident, his wage rate this year—roughly \$5,650 a minute—will be about the same.

A small (5 ft. 4 in.), balding troll of a man with a porcupine persona, Jenkins, 42, dominates a sport usually associated with big bruisers in black leather. Last year he won ten of the eleven major national drag races in the pro-stock class. At the American Hot Rod Association meet in St. Louis two months ago, he thundered down the quarter-mile strip in 8.97 sec., an all-time record. Ten days later in Epping, N.H., he clocked 8.93 sec. He only placed second last week at the N.H.R.A. world-championship meet in Amarillo, Texas, but Jenkins is still on his way to another winning season.

Big Business. Neither the pursuit of records nor the fact that he is the most successful driver in the 22-year history of organized drag racing seems to elate him. "It's really a business," Jenkins snarls from behind his cigar. "I enjoy the development work on the cars as much as the actual racing."

Once a semi-licit pastime for thrill-seeking high school kids, drag racing has become big business since 1951, when Wally Parks, a former racing driver, founded the N.H.R.A. and held its first

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SPORT

meet on an abandoned airstrip in Madera, Calif. Last year the organization sanctioned 2,930 races at the 150 tracks, drawing more than 4,000,000 paying spectators.

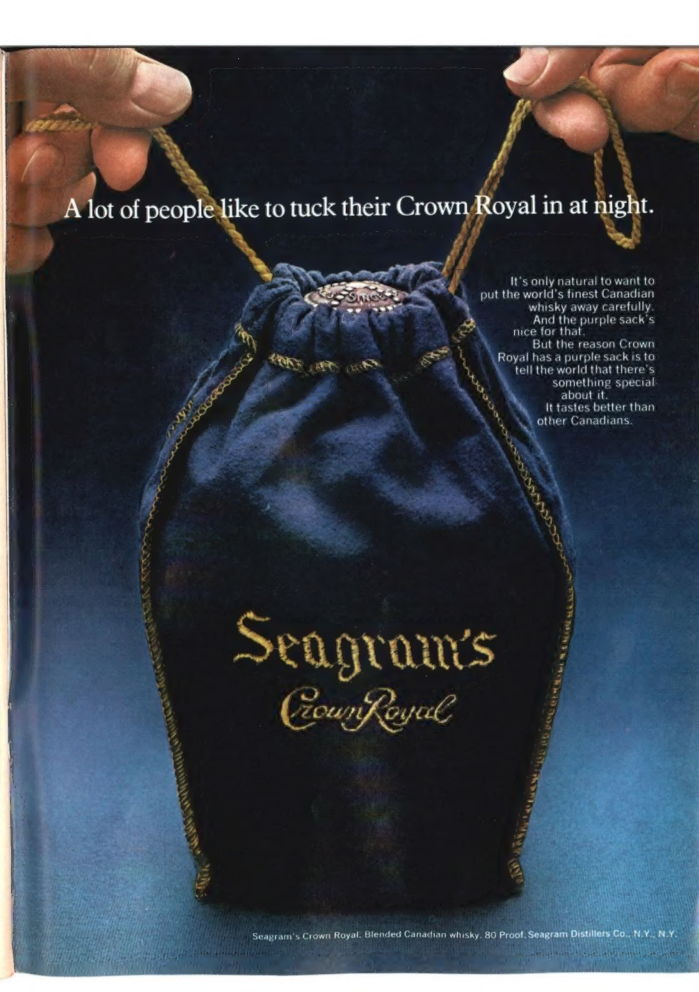
To the uninitiated, drag racing may be easily confused with the rival sport of stock-car racing. In both, the cars sometimes bear a superficial resemblance. But in stocks, the autos career around oval tracks for as many as 500 miles before crossing the finish line; dragsters hurtle down a 1,320-ft. asphalt strip under the watchful electronic eye of an automatic timer. The cars usually race in pairs, but drivers are out to beat the clock as much as each other.

Acid Bath. Technological superiority is as important in drag racing as it is in the nuclear arms race. In fact, Bill Jenkins' success results less from his skill as a driver ("A monkey can drive one of these things down a straight track," he says) than from his knack as an engineer. A farm boy from Downingtown, Pa., he dropped out of Cornell University's engineering school in 1953 after his father died. He made his living for several years building engines and preparing race cars for competition, before deciding in 1965 to drive them himself in order to earn more money.

Jenkins' 1973 Chevrolet Vega does not look much different from the one that Mom drives to the supermarket, except for the hood-mounted air scoop and an outrigger in back to keep the front of the car from rising too high on take-off. But Jenkins and his crew of six mechanics make sure that the resemblance is only paint-deep. To prepare the car for its ordeals, the team marinates its body in an acid bath to eat away 120 lbs. of excess weight. The hood and rear deck are replaced with lightweight Fiberglas panels. His \$70,000 engine produces nearly 650 h.p. against a normal 150 h.p.

Jenkins' car, known as Grumpy's Toy, is a rolling billboard for automotive-parts companies. In addition to his track earnings, he commands \$1,500 a night, win or lose, for helping drag-strip owners fill the stands for exhibition matches. He employs a public relations consultant to help spread his fame—and perhaps counteract the effect of his personality. Though he can be amiable off the track, fans know him as a dour churl who snarls at well-wishers and even puts up barriers to keep spectators away from his pit. Readers of *Hot Rod* magazine, however, were able to see as much of Grumpy as anyone would wish. Clad in skivvies and sprawled on a bearskin rug, he posed for this month's centerfold.

As he approaches middle age, married and with a five-year-old daughter, the drag king confesses to occasional doubts about spending his life at a teenager's pastime while his Cornell classmates are building bridges, designing spacecraft or helping run the automobile industry. "Then," he says, "I ask myself, 'What else can I do to make so much money?' The answer is 'nothing.'"



A lot of people like to tuck their Crown Royal in at night.

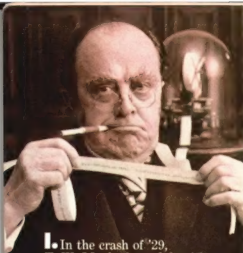
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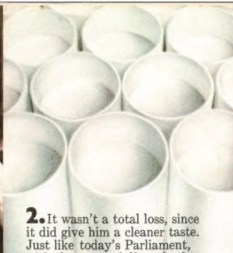
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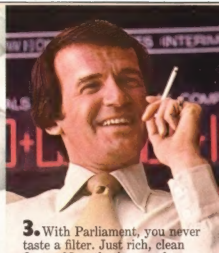
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